COUNTRY LIFE

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Marcus Adams. 43, Dover Street, W.1.
LADY ALEXANDRA HAIG-THOMAS, WITH HER DAUGHTER ANGELA.

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COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

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The Foot-and-Mouth Situation

O one who has looked into the matter at all can help feeling sympathetic towards the farmers in their grief at the slaughter of so many animals, owing either to their having foot-and-mouth disease or to having been in contact with it in some form or another. Its worst effect is seen in the dairy herds. Very great attention has been given to these animals during recent years. The old happy-go-lucky way of buying them at random in the market, milking them for a year or two and then sending them to the butcher, is very generally discarded. Every dairyman worthy of his name nowadays tries to satisfy his ambition to own a herd of pedigree animals if possible, and, if not pedigree, at any rate those that are qualified to be entered in the Herd Book of the Dairy Shorthorns, with the ultimate idea of raising good milkers from their calves. Infinite care is bestowed on keeping the records of the modern dairy cow. Its yield of milk is taken at regular intervals, and also, at the same time, the butter ratio of that milk is determined. Not only so, but the dairy farmer is naturally proud of the milking strain of animals which it has cost him years to produce and which, in a sense, are not likely to be replaced in his lifetime. Now, it is extremely vexatious when, on an outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease, the officials of the Ministry demand that all the "contacts" should be slaughtered. The number of animals so sacrificed is immense already and is increasing daily: for the strange feature of this outbreak is that it never has exhibited true signs of being checked. If a favourable report is issued in the early part of the week, it is usually contradicted by the report of new cases before the end of the week, and

new cases mean a repetition of the killing that is the recognised remedy in these days.

What aggravates the farmer still more is that the disease is by no means a very serious one. In comparatively few cases does it prove fatal, and there are many herds in which animals have been cured and restored to their original efficiency. It is not at all to be compared with the far more virulent disease which attacked herds of cattle in the late 'sixties. The rinderpest was not only as infectious as foot-and-mouth, but it was very deadly, and animals died from it by the thousand; in fact, the rinderpest of that day inflicted a blow upon the stock farmer from which it took him two decades to recover. On the Continent indifference to foot-and-mouth disease has been a common feature of stock farming. It is not regarded there as seriously as it is in this country, because, by a proper course of isolation and management, recovery is comparatively quick, and the mere existence of foot-and-mouth does not affect vitally a country which is not a great exporting one.

It is very different with this country, which has been called, not inaccurately, the stud farm of the world, thanks to the skill of our livestock farmers, the suitability of the soil, and a climate which, though often peevish and vexatious in its sudden changes, is, nevertheless, the most favourable one for stock-farming in the world. The experience of generations has shown that there is no other soil or climate which is its equal. Our breeders make it a rule to sell their best to customers all over the world, from the Argentine to Africa and from Africa to the Australias, but it has been found very difficult there to bring the progeny of our famous cattle into a condition in which they would be serious rivals to those bred in their original home. It is in large measure a jealous regard for that reputation which accounts for the stern policy of slaughter which has been carried on during the present outbreak, as it has been carried out on previous occasions. It remains now, as it was forty years ago, the only effective method of combating the disease. There are a great many quack remedies proposed from time to time, some backed by a little experience and some not; but we are safe in saying that there is not one which can be applied systematically with any certainty that good effects will be produced. The men of science, therefore, are inclined to concentrate their attention on that hunting of the germ which has gone on as long as most of us can remember. It is a wily or, at any rate, a very elusive germ. Of course, the usual way of finding a germ is by a method of filtration, but no filter has been found small enough to catch the germ of foot-and-mouth disease. Even porcelain, which, one would think, no imaginable creature could find its way through, will not hold this minute monster. It escapes by holes so fine that it takes a strong magnifying glass to reveal them. But Science will not give up this hunt. It looks upon it as essential to the discovery of a method of treatment that can be depended upon to produce good results in any but the most exceptional circumstances. If found, no doubt an inoculating material might be made from it; but the farmers think that the men of research have taken such a long time to make the discovery that they have lost They are beginning to say that the injury inflicted on our herds of cattle is becoming so great that it will take a lifetime to restore the herds to anything like their former condition, and they are asking whether the game is worth the candle and whether the everlasting spending of money on research, and still at the end being compelled to resort to the crude old method of slaughter, is worth while. It seems impossible that the foremost supporters of scientific research can fail to sympathise with this impatience.

Our Frontispiece

A PORTRAIT of Lady Alexandra Haig-Thomas, with her daughter Angela, forms the frontispiece of this week's number of COUNTRY LIFE. Lady Alexandra is the second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Normanton, was married to Mr. P. H. Haig-Thomas in 1917, and has four children.

^{***} It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens and livestock on behalf of Country Life be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.



COUNTRY

T is a matter for profound regret that Sir Auckland Geddes, owing to eye trouble, has been compelled to resign the ambassadorship to the United States. He has won for himself very great distinction in that office. His wide culture and pre-eminence in different arts enabled him to make friends on every side. He showed both candour and ability on many crucial occasions, notably in his invaluable assistance in the Debt negotiations and in his Report on Ellis Island. The latter was a very frank document indeed, as we pointed out at the time of its issue; but Sir Auckland possesses the invaluable quality of being frank without being offensive. No one could read his exposure of the very bad arrangements for immigrants at Ellis Island without recognising that the writer of the Report had a single eye for the blemish that required pointing out and that he spoke without malice or offence to anyone concerned. Another great faculty possessed by him was that of im-Those in office and those out of it were quick to recognise this, and his circle of friends included the best on all sides. In versatility he compares not unfavourably with Lord Bryce and in disinterestedness with Lord Grey of Fallodon. The kindest hope that we can express to Sir Esmé Howard, his successor, is that he will be able to fill his shoes.

SELDOM have we seen in the columns of the daily Press a more attractive essay than that contributed by Mr. J. E. C. Bodley on the last day of the year. For heading it had the brief and expressive phrase, "Epitaphs of 1923." Mr. Bodley, as it were, took his readers on a pilgrimage through a brief space of twelve months with an elegiac sadness that could not be called acute because of its submission to death as the last and inevitable incident of life. He calls up as in a dream the figures of his friends who have passed away, and he shows them in scenes he has witnessed—M. de Freycinet as the first Academician he had seen received at the Palais Mazarin, Pierre Loti receiving the same distinction a few months later. He recalled how the novelist espied in an approaching hoat something as blue as the sky; it was a heap of telegrams congratulating him on his election to the Academy in succession to Octave Feuillet. Hurriedly, Loti ordered all the works of his predecessor, as he had not read one of them and had to prepare the eulogy ordained by custom. A good companion figure to this celebrated Frenchman was that of Mme. Waddington. Beside her he places "two gracious Scotswomen" who had the same rank and bore the same name—Lady Mackenzie. The one, of Delvine, was the youngest of the beautiful Moncrieffe sisters; the other, of Gairloch, was a Campbell of Islay, sister of Lady Granville.

A MONG the English figures in this retrospect, first place is given to Lord Morley. Mr. Bodley does not think much of his essays on the French Revolution. Here he was "a comfortable, pacific doctrinaire." He considers that his best work was the "Life of Richard Cobden," where the environment was his own native county,

Lancashire. On the whole, he is rather hard on "Honest John," especially as he singles out as his finest quality his literary sense, and says that his public career was that of a very lucky and astute man. The late Duke of Somerset was more to the liking of Mr. Bodley. A sketch of Lord Loreburn in the days when he was "Bob" Reid is extremely good; so is that of Lord Shaughnessy; but the best of these thumb-nail sketches is that of W. H. Mallock. He was almost forgotten before he died, and yet, at Balliol there was "a gentle youth of my time," W. H. Hardinge, winner of the Newdigate Prize for a poem on "Helen of Troy," who "used to recline on his sofa and recite to his friends pages of what he called mysteriously 'Mallock's book.'" How the erstwhile clever Mr. Mallock was forgotten in his old age is shown by the fact that an illustrated journal printed his portrait by mistake and labelled it "Sir Willoughby Maycock, the hero of many joyous experiences," who had just died. Such is fame!

THE Cambridge University Forestry Association is to be congratulated on its determination to make forestry not only instructive, but interesting. A Lieutenant-Governor of India remarked of the Germans who, before the war, assumed the position of teachers of forestry, that they were "of great ability and high scientific attainments," but that they "framed the statutes of their department as if they were metaphysical treatises." They began by seeking to define forestry, which is a great many things; in utilisation it is engineering, in protection it is largely entomology, in mensuration it is mathematics and in silviculture it is botany. One plan for lightening the study is to strew among the essays in their Journal such fine quotations as that from Chaucer who, writing in 1350 said: "That field have eyen, and the wood hath ears," and Henry Van Dyke in 1852 made a fine eulogy of the planter:

He that planteth a tree is the servant of God, He provideth a kindness for many generations, And faces that he hath not seen shall bless him.

If anyone imagines that the introduction of this element into a learned periodical means the elimination of what is hard and useful, he will be agreeably disappointed when he comes to peruse the pages of the Forestry Association's Journal.

THE NEW YEAR GODDESS.

The New Year is a Lady fine
With a peering soul that troubles mine;
And she is dark as Mystery,
Having neither past nor history;
And chaste is she as a shining star,
But frail as all sweet ladies are.
Out of the night she riding comes
To the jingle of bells and the rap of drums,
"Your aid!" she cries, "for I bring you boon,"
And springs from the saddle of the moon.
And all the fairies of Earth and Sky
Sing carols as she rustles by.

HERBERT EDWARD PALMER

OUR two golfing tourists, Havers and Ockenden, have so far been doing well in America, and that under the strange conditions of dirt tees, Bermuda grass and sand greens. These sand greens of the South are said to be miracles of green keeping or sand keeping, but "you've got to know them first." In their opening match at Pinehurst they were five down after the first ten holes, and then managed to win on the thirty-sixth green, a fine victory and one that should give them confidence. The most interesting event of the tour will, of course, be the match between Havers and Gene Sarazen at Los Angeles and San Francisco. Most people here will sincerely hope that Havers may win and rather expect Sarazen to do so. Though Sarazen failed so dramatically at Troon, he is a great little golfer, at his best in match rather than score play and possessed of a confidence that is almost uncanny. In the American Professional Championship, which he won again this autumn for the second time, he achieved one remarkable feat. The last hole was some 27cyds. long and the way to the green was exceptionally narrow. Sarazen had to play this hole on nine occasions, some of them supremely critical, and each time he put his tee shot

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on the green. As an example of consistency in the far and the sure this record could scarcely be beaten.

NEW YEAR'S DAY began the International season in Rugby football with the match between Scotland and France; but, dangerous though the Frenchmen can now be, we are still apt to think of England and Wales as providing the first real clash of the year. It is England's turn to go to Wales, and, though the Welsh club teams seem hardly as formidable as usual, and the match is not this year to be played in the Cardiff mud, any Welsh ground is likely to be a graveyard of English hopes. The English fifteen will probably contain a good number of players who may be termed veterans: Gardner, of almost perennial youthfulness, may have to go at last; but there are others, a little younger, who are still playing too well to be left out. Smallwood has, for the moment, become a "possible" and not a "probable": there may be reasons for doubting his soundness, but he has always hitherto risen to the occasion and is a clever as well as a brilliant player. Corbett played himself again into favour in the last trial match, and Myers has been in good form. The question of the wing three-quarters has become more complex through the fine play of Hamilton-Wickes, who swerved through the Army defence on Saturday with almost contemptuous ease. Altogether, there are the makings of a strong side of great possibilities, but it will not be an easy one to choose.

HOARDINGS along country roads have for long been a public nuisance. It is good to find that they also do not pay. Partly on this consideration and partly on the representation of the Scapa Society-which exists, under the Presidency of Lord Lascelles, to remedy such abusestwo great motor spirit companies—the Anglo-American, proprietors of Pratt's, and the Shell Company—have agreed to remove all their highway hoardings except those giving mileage or other useful information. step forward, and the companies are to be publicly praised for taking it. Already they had combined with the British Petroleum Company, at the instance of the Chamber of Commerce, to withdraw from the Isle of Wight, and the latter company is already withdrawing from Cornwall, Kent and the Lakes. Local authorities are taking a lively interest in the purifying of their roads, but their powers are limited and ambiguous, depending on the definition of the word "landscape." It is very much to be hoped that Lord Newton's amending Bill, to protect village and rural scenery and all places frequented by the public on account of their beauty or historic interest, will pass through the new Parliament. It had already reached second reading in the Commons. When passed, we may hope for a thorough purge and subsequent control of the countryside.

THE centenary of the foundation of the National Gallery, by the purchase of the Angerstein collection of thirty-eight pictures, is one that everybody should keep piously, by visiting the multitudinous descendants of these ancestors of our gallery. Nowhere in the world is the progress of European painting so richly and yet so restrainedly represented. Nowhere, not even in any Italian city, is the gorgeous evolution of Italian art displayed so perfectly. The Flemish and Dutch schools are equally perfect, and the Spanish comprehensive. The French school alone is defective, in Le Nains, Le Sueurs and the Fontainebleu school; yet, our few French primitives are as good as any in France, and our Poussins and Claudes characteristic. It is matter for congratulation that in Sir Charles Holmes we have a keeper, to find a counterpart to whom in knowledge and brilliance of exposition we must go back to Sir Charles Eastlake, who is responsible for most of our wonderful Italian primitives. Princely donations have contributed to our treasure, both in kind and money from its foundation, and recently the National Art Collections Fund has acquired such important pictures as the Velazquez ("Rokeby") "Venus," Mabuse's "Adoration," Holbein's "Duchess

of Milan," and Masaccio's "Madonna." Most recent of all was Dr. Ludwig Mond's bequest, which we hope to see this year. No better monument of the centenary could be found than Sir Charles Holmes' book on the Italian schools which we reviewed not long ago.

THE drawings by the girls of the Dudley High School, exhibited at the Independent Galleries, Grafton Street, awaken that dead person in us-our young selves. When people are twelve years old, and unforced into the particular mould life requires, they are nearly all potential creative artists, with an outlook still original and a mind unbiased. More, they have a remarkable penetration and a real sense of decoration. These drawings are the work of fifty-no doubt average-High School girls, whose drawing mistress, Miss Richardson, has organised this little but most valuable exhibition. Her system is to impose no methods or recipes, but to encourage her pupils, who vary from twelve to seventeen years, "to concentrate upon and give expression to mental images formed on their own observation." So the subjects are nearly all drawn from everyday life, but seen ever so clearly and just with that glamour one can remember having possessed. The influence of great artists has been felt, especially certain living masters and modes, but there has been little copying. It is hard to choose a favourite; but Madge Rogers' (aged thirteen) "The Fruit Shop" is enchanting. Margery Mann's (aged fifteen) "Roundabout" is a most promising piece of decoration; Ruth Walker's (aged fifteen) "Reading" in Bed" is charmingly done; while Phyllis Hancox's (aged fifteen) "Bed Time" renews with Giottesque grandeur the emotions of that dread hour.

A LEGEND FROM THE HUNGARIAN.

Here is no wail of grief, for here no care
Is known, nor sadness;
The fairy-dwellers in the realms of air
Weep but for gladness.
And when their tear-drops fall in tender rain
Our earth bedewing,
They're found by men as diamonds again,
The ground bestrewing.

Thus it befalls, in Fairyland where Love Endures—unending—
Oppressed with gloom and pain I still must rove My lone way wending;
And wheresoe'er my anguish'd eyes I turn,
A joy divine
In every living heart I may discern
Save only mine.

Now to enclose within the briefest phrase What legend tells.
In Fairyland henceforth mid golden days Prince Janos dwells;
And halo-crowned Iluska ever stays Her lord beside,
And if they linger still in lovers' ways They thus abide.

C. H. W.

IT is evident from the meeting held at Worcester that the treatment of the outbreak of foot-and-mouth in the Duke of Westminster's shorthorn herd is going to lead to a new departure. Lord Deerhurst, who opened the discussion, pointed out the great importance of the fact that certain animals had been saved from the effects of the disease. This is a good omen to the many people in this country who are reduced to despair by the monotonous regularity with which the policy of slaughter is applied right and left. It means a cost equivalent to a goodly fraction of the total income derived from pedigree stock. It has also paralysed that recovery from the war which has been a gratifying feature of the livestock world during the last year or two. Never in the case of any other outbreak has the impotence of slaughter been so firmly established; kill, and kill, and kill-yet, every morning's paper conveys the news of a fresh outbreak, and we are no further forward than we were six months ago.

MATRIX OF LONDON THE

A VISIT TO THE PORTLAND QUARRIES.

BY JAMES BONE.

FTER you cross the two miles of the Chesil Beach that tethers Portland Isle to the mainland and climb the steep road that rises over the chimney-tops of Chesilton, you reach a quiet house with a strange garden. There is a tree in the centre and logs beside it, and there are, too, snails in this garden. The tree, which is about ten feet high, is a stone tree, and the logs are stone logs, and the snails are enormous stone ammonities (Ammonites). about ten feet high, is a stone tree, and the logs are stone logs, and the snails are enormous stone ammonites (Ammonites giganteus) as big as a ship's lifebuoy. There are stone cockleshells, too, and, of course, the Portland screw that every builder and most town councils know. The fossil ammonites are the strangest, with their great serrated coils, the very horns of Jupiter Ammon when he wore that guise. Millions of years ago the creature was evolved that has left so plainly in this public limestone the curves and articulations of its massive form. ago the creature was evolved that has left so plainly in this noble limestone the curves and articulations of its massive form, and beside it is the matrix slab in which it lay. It is all perfect and sharp as if Time did not exist after he had completed his processes which set it there. And as one studies in this petrified garden the structure and detail of this stone, so decorative and architectural, one's thoughts turn to other intricate and symmetrical structures that one knows so well in that very material: to St. Paul's, to Somerset House, that the later and more conscious inhabitants of Albion had left for us later and more conscious inhabitants of Albion had left for us as the monument of their minds. The matrix is the same—the close-grained, roe-like, limestone formation of the Jurassic system that has its outcrop in Wiltshire and Oxford, but has its main treasure in the little Isle of Portland.

Thomas Hardy, who says so singularly little about this unique stone of the island and its great gift to London, has set one of his novels in Portland, and in a memorable passage describes the place through the eyes of a Portlander who has returned to the island after years of absence.

The Gibraltar of Wessey, the singular penjusula, once an island, and

The Gibraltar of Wessex, the singular peninsula, once an island, and still called such, that stretches out like the head of a bird into the English Channel. . . . More than ever the spot seemed to him what it was said once to have been, the ancient Vindilia Island, and the Home of the Slingers, the towering rock, the houses above houses, one man's doorstep rising behind his neighbour's chimney, the gardens hung up by one edge to the sky, the vegetables growing on apparently almost vertical planes, the unity of the whole island as a solid and single block of limestone four miles long, were no longer familiar and commonplace ideas. All now stood dazzlingly unique and white against the tinted sea and the sun flashed on definitely stratified walls of oolite,

the melancholy ruins Of cancelled cycles,"

with a destructiveness that called the eyes to it as strongly as any spectacle he had beheld afar,

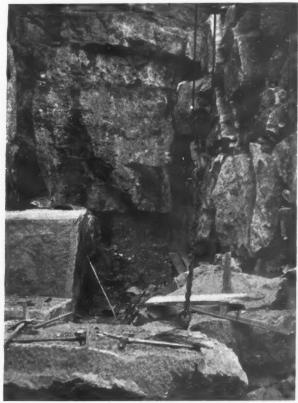
Portland is singular in all respects, and if man had had the making of it as a quarry it is hard to see how he could have improved on Nature's arrangement. The Chesil Beach, a thin seven miles neck of pebbles cast up by the sea, unparalleled in Europe, provides railway access to the mainland, and the peninsula being mainly of a uniform 400ft. height allows a gravitation railway to be used for bringing down the stone, the weight of loaded trucks in descent pulling up the empty ones. The whole place is scored with fissures running north and south, with other breaks running east and west, so that open quarrying can go on with advantages unknown elsewhere. open quarrying can go on with advantages unknown elsewhere. The stone is of an accommodating and tractable character which The stone is of an accommodating and tractable character which does not require to be blasted or cut, but, once the whitbed is reached, hit by a tap on the wedges and "feathers," splits down to the shelly base, usually from four to six feet thick. This bed is usually in three tiers separated by softer shelly divisions. The ordinary section of a good quarry shows: Rubble, 24ft.; cap, 11ft.; roach, 4ft.; whitbed, 15ft. (in three tiers). The cap has often to be blasted, but explosives are not used on the whitbed. The roach is a harder rougher heavily pocked. on the whitbed. The roach is a harder, rougher, heavily pocked stone, mixed with shells, used chiefly for breakwaters and quays;

on the whitbed. The roach is a harder, rougher, heavily pocked stone, mixed with shells, used chiefly for breakwaters and quays; but it is within the possibilities that its turn may yet come with our architects for general use in the bases of buildings, its natural rustication offering many attractions, as can be seen in the Cunard Line offices in Liverpool.

The grass on the uplands of the island is thick and tall, despite the salt winds and moisture that move over it and its thin soil of a foot or so stretched over the rock on which it grows. It makes pleasant walking on this high green platform, looking down on the changing surface of the sea, as one strolls towards the holiday show-place of the island—Bow and Arrow Castle ruins, that still reveal the tool marks of the Norman builders in the local stone, and Pennsylvania Castle, a castellated Wyatt building with curious and interesting rooms and a Portland stone sundial, and the one considerable group of trees on Portland decorating the background of Portland's only cove. It has been complained that this cove, too, was silting up with the débris of the quarries thrown into the sea and being washed into the inlet by the tide and the currents, and a long lawsuit on the subject, which brought to light many ancient usages and rights of the islanders, ended in the quarry companies having to provide tackle for the fishing boats to be lowered into and lifted from the sea, as though the island were a ship. Church lifted from the sea, as though the island were a ship.

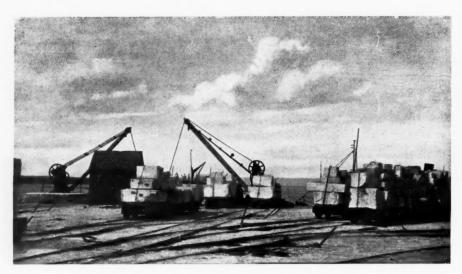


OUARRY SHOWING FISSURE WHENCE THE STONE IS BEING CUT AND THE BUILT-UP DEBRIS FROM FORMER CUTTINGS.



"COUNTRY LIFE."

FLOOR OF A QUARRY SHOWING QUARRYMEN'S TOOLS AND TACKLE.



UNDRESSED STONE BROUGHT DOWN FROM QUARRIES BY GRAVITATION RAILWAY READY FOR SHIPMENT; KETCH IN DISTANCE.



QUARRY THAT SUPPLIED THE STONE OF THE ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB AND OTHER BIG LONDON BUILDINGS.



Copyright.

WHERE THE STONE FOR ST. PAUL'S WAS CUT AND SHIPPED.

Hope Cove is a pretty spot, the scene of a moonlit interlude in the story of "The Well Beloved." On the path between this place and the prison, round which Borstal boys now play football, you look down on a mile of undercliff which seems at one time to have been the edge of the plateau that had fallen forward. These banks are called "The Weirs." Disused quarries, great boulders, stone débris and blocks of stone ready for shipment lie around, with green roads running through the confusion. The stone has an old grey look, not like the silver Portland stone in London, although it has been exposed to the wind and rain for two hundred and fifty years. Some of these stones bear Wren's private mark, that some interpret as a "y" and some as a wineglass. It was from the quarries on these "weirs" that the stone of St. Paul's and the City churches was quarried. One quarry is still called "St. Paul's."

silver Portland stone in London, although it has been exposed to the wind and rain for two hundred and fifty years. Some of these stones bear Wren's private mark, that some interpret as a "y" and some as a wineglass. It was from the quarries on these "weirs" that the stone of St. Paul's and the City churches was quarried. One quarry is still called "St. Paul's."

Wren's contractors cut the stone from these quarries, much as it is done to-day, with wedges and "feathers" struck by the "kevel," a tool that is one end a hammer and the other an axe whose edge is so narrow that it approaches the shape of a pick. No cranes were then in use, and the stone was worked down by trolleys, jacks and crowbars to the little pier that can still be seen. There it was shipped into sailing ketches much the same as those you see at Castletown on the other side of the island that into salling ketches much the same as those you see at Castletown on the other side of the island that carry the undressed stone to-day to the Vauxhall wharves. The ketches take any time from five days to six weeks to bring the stone to London. There were constant complaints in those days of the seamen and masons in the boats being arrested masons in the boats being arrested by the pressgang when bringing up the stone for Greenwich and St. Paul's, and Wren's work was often delayed by these doings. It was delayed, too, by the Portlanders, with whom he had many sharp con-flicts. In one case he threatened the "jury" of quarrymen that if he received more insolence from them he would tell the Oueen (Oueen he would tell the Queen (Queen Anne) that they disputed her rights. It is curious to see these "weirs" with their débris, and with here and there a squared stone, and the and there a squared stone, and the green lanes made for the carts and trolleys, and the little pier, all there as though Wren and his men had just gone away. The only new things are the Shambles Lightship beyond the Race, and the stone prison on the upland. Wren had control of the quarries from 1675 to 1717, and he stopped the export of stone for any other purpose than his work. Some writers have concluded that this was because he believed work. Some writers have concluded that this was because he believed that the building of St. Paul's would exhaust the island supply, but I think so expert and scientific an architect as Wren must have known all about the vast resources of Port-land. His object in the embargo was more likely to compel all the quarrymen to work solely for his supply, the number of workers being small, probably not more than seven hundred. It must have been a great scene, animated with the chink-chink of the cutters and the ringing of the of the cutters and the ringing of the stone as the quarrymen tested it for flaws, just as they do to-day; but the snore of the stone saws that now pervades the island was not then in the Portland orchestra. The men were engaged, then, as now, in groups, with a leader who receives payment for the garge. who receives payment for the gang



ARCHITECTS AND SCULPTOR SELECTING STONE IN A QUARRY.

ROUGH STONES.

and divides it on a long established basis of proportion. The cubical content of each block is calculated on the measurement of an iron rule made locally, the standard being sixteen cubic feet to the ton, and the tonnage is painted in black on the block and accepted by the railway and shipping companies. The men are paid entirely by piecework. Hand cranes are still used for raising the stone, and steam cranes for dealing with the débris. The main difficulty of Portland quarrying is dealing with the waste stone—the débris of the bacon tier, the scull cap and, to some extent, the roach. This has to be assembled and built up as the quarrying goes on, so there is always a constant progress of stone-winning going forward and of rebuilding of the débris behind the winners. It is said that it takes two men to gather and build up the useless stone for the one man who is winning the merchantable stone.

One would think that by this time the little island would have been rifled of its treasure and rebuilt of discarded stone:

have been rifled of its treasure and rebuilt of discarded stone: but it is not so; the main part of limestone has not yet been touched. The area, for instance, of the east cliff above the weirs from which St. Paul's was built is only now about to be cut. The yield of stone is enormous, varying from 20,000 to 30,000 an acre.

Walking over this part with a mentor whose decisions and activities mainly rule its quarrying affairs, I spoke of the queerness of the great cathedral and the London churches having queerness of the great cathedral and the London churches having lain there in their brute formations until the magician Wren summoned and fashioned them into the gleaming wonders that rise over London. My friend, tramping down the grass, said: "There's a whole new London down there. Perhaps a better London than Wren's. It all lies with the architects. The stone's here." He stamped on the ground as though signalling to something below. Yes; it all lies with the architects—and the patrons. Looking at the fresh stone cubes and the open sides of the quarries beside the sea, one gets a strange physical sense of the relations of geology and architecture, of the procession of creatures through "unreckonable geologic years" that had gone to make coral and limestone just of that particular structure and quality, and of the creatures of this age that have fashioned it after their imaginings into the stuff of architecture. architecture.

Do you know the Royal Automobile Club in London?" asked my mentor, as we gazed down on a large quarry space active with cranes and men. "We took it out of that corner at the back." He pointed out where this and that

building used to lie before it was cut and transported. It was the same with statuary. An unusually large block lay ready for the trolley. "Oh, after they've cut away what they don't want they'll find the statue of Kitchener inside." It was about eight feet by six feet deep and weighed about twelve tons, not so big as the block from which was carved the copy of the Farnese Hercules that stands in the hall of the Geological Museum. Farnese Hercules that stands in the hall of the Geological Museum. That must have been over twelve feet long, and probably was the biggest perfect block ever cut. It was presented by Messrs. Stewards in 1851 to the museum. In the masons' shed at Portland we saw the lions for the Chatham Memorial being squared, each in three blocks, and the caps of the great fluted columns for Selfridge's new façade, and many other things that will be gazed at for a long time to come. After visiting the hospitable Pennsylvania Castle and entering the high street of what Hardy calls "the Village of the Wells," opposite the ruined stone cottage with mullion windows that people point out as the home of Avice Caro, I noticed a small excavation, and asked my host what was being built. He replied that that was a quarry, a nice little quarry. They had cut the Cenotaph out of it!

To this matrix architects and sculptors go down to choose

quarry, a nice little quarry. They had cut the Cenotaph out of it!

To this matrix architects and sculptors go down to choose their stones. Every week a small group of strangers can be seen in some quarry, gathered round a cube of oolite. During my visit a broad-shouldered man with an arresting head was working with a chisel and mallet, trying the stiffness of a great block of stone—Epstein, the sculptor, choosing his block for the memorial to W. H. Hudson.

The people of this singular island are a community still curiously primitive in many of their ways, and self-contained almost beyond belief in these days, particularly when one remembers the world-famous character of their commodity and their old-standing relations with London. Even to-day the right to work in the quarries is restricted to natives of the island. The stonemasons who work in the sheds dressing the stones are mostly "Kimberlins" (foreigners from the mainland), but every quarryman (with an exception to be mentioned) is of island stock who has inherited the right. The right goes with the land cut into strips called "paddocks" or "lawns"; but, although one "lawn" may have any number of owners, it is rarely bought or sold. If a daughter of a native marries an alien and has for her dowry a paddock of land, she can, by virtue of it, invest her husband with the freedom of quarrying. Each lawn is devisable into as many parts or shares as the owner



FOSSIL AMMONITES GIGANTEUS PRESERVED BY THE BATH AND PORTLAND STONE COMPANY.



COUNTRY LIFE.

HEADSTONES FOR BRITISH GRAVES IN FRANCE BEING SAWN

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pleases and each part has equal right to the quarries with the others. Conveyance is made in a simple, patriarchal way:

After evening service on a Sunday when the churchwardens and som of the best inhabitants are gathered in the porch the donor stands up and expresses himself to this effect: "I desire you my neighbours to take notice that I give to each of my daughters an equal share of my paddock called —— as it now lies divided in —— parts."

— as it now lies divided in — parts."

Whereupon the assembly (according to a last century account) rises and blesses by name the daughters; and now each of these daughters entitles the man she marries to all the privileges of the King's Quarries, "which renders her a good fortune to a mason." These customs still hold, and church-door transference of ground carrying quarry right has taken place in recent times. This system does not cover all the ground in the island, the Bath and Portland Stone Company, the main owners of the quarrying area, having freehold land as well as the land they lease from the freeholders of the iawns (who, in turn, work the stone) and directly from the Crown. Portland is a Royal manor which still holds twice a year its ancient manorial court, with its reeve, its constables, its fines and fees, and encroachments. The reeve has his staff, on which a notch, scratch, full notch, half notch, mystic sign of cross, of cross in circle, of cross between parallel lines, are marked to record the land holdings, their various positions, size and rent. The reeve may be either a man or a woman, usually the tenant of the manor who holds the largest amount of land.

The Portlanders hold tenaciously to their ancient rights and have withstood all efforts of the "Kimberlins" to work in Portland quarries. At the beginning of the century, when there was an enormous development of the use of Portland stone in Government buildings, and 2,000,000 cubic feet of stone was supplied for these contracts, Cornish quarrymen were by agreement allowed to work in Portland, but, except for a few who married Portland women and so received the freedom

of the quarries, none was allowed to remain. One is struck at once, on a visit to the island, by the strongly developed physica at once, on a visit to the island, by the strongly developed physica characteristics and signs of race in the men, and by a pervadingl family resemblance. "Island custom" that tinges the plot of "The Well Beloved" was that of people pairing together before wedlock and marrying only when the woman was with child. If no child was coming the couple parted without stigma. The custom was probably bound up with the holding of property and rights and the importance of progressy to inherit them. and rights and the importance of progeny to inherit them. Despite the apparent freedom of this custom, the number of illegitimate births was very much lower than on the mainland. The custom seems to have died out by the middle of last century. Although there must have been much close breeding, weaklings Although there must have been much close breeding, weaklings are rare, and a great many of the quarrymen continue at their arduous work until after threescore and ten years. They are said to be very independent, intelligent, proud of their skill and position and, although tolerant, not too flexible in their dealings with Kimberlins. Leland, in the sixteenth century, describes the people as "good in flynging of stonys and use it for defence of the isle." He found them also "politique enough in selling their commodities and somewhat avaritiose." Hardy notes the prevalence of a type whose countenance is "dark, energetic and wary." He sees resemblances to the Roman peasant, and speculates about the Roman stock that lingered on in the island of Portland.

A strange island, a strange people and a strange destiny

A strange island, a strange people and a strange destiny to its merchandise. As one gazes over at night from Lulworth the place looms out, a dark, smooth, whale-like shape rising out of the Channel. Out of that came the wonders that are London, and within it lie the wonders of the London that is to be. What did Wren think of it all, standing there—for he was Member of Parliament for Weymouth, and must, surely, have gone to Lulworth and looked at Portland? Perhaps the new Wren Club, when it has settled to its researches, will find out and tell us

SMOKING" AT GOLF "SMOKING OR NOT

By BERNARD DARWIN

OME little while since there appeared a pleasant article in Country Life on the subject of "Smoking or not A correspondent followed this up with an equally pleasant picture of a gargoyle apparently enjoying a pipe, although a regrettably matter-cf-fact editorial note pointed out that the date made this impossible; the gargeyle was, in fact, blowing a horn. The subject seemed to be in the air, and it occurred to me to write an article on smoking or not smoking for golfers.

I remember, some five-and-twenty years ago, a friend no older than myself-who, alas! has long since given up golf for law-telling me that he had displeased a Scottish crowd by smoking cigarettes in the Amateur Championship. He was a Hoylake player and had, perhaps, learned the habit from Mr. Hilton, who always smoked cigarettes when he was playing, and was regarded, I suppose, as a privileged person. The general run of golfers certainly smoked very little, I think, on big occasions, and it was said that Mr. F. G. Tait used to hand his pipe to a friend and ever and anon dive into the crowd for a surreptitious puff. It is hard to trust one's memory, but I do not seem to visualise him with an overt, unashamed

pipe in an important match. A little later came champions whose various ways of indulging in tobacco became almost as familiar and characteristic as Mr. Baldwin's pipe is to-day. I do not know if a statue has been put up to Mr. Travis in America, but, if so, there must be a cigar in it—a long, thin, black one. Equally certainly Ray must have his pipe when immortalised in bronze; and so must Mr. Tolley-a pipe with a bowl as big as the head of a " Dreadnought" driver. Vardon, too, hardly looks quite himself without a pipe; and then there is Sandy Herd's pipe which, with amazing continence, he never smokes while he is playing and always joyfully produces when it is all over. There are other equally famous players in connection with whom tobacco seems almost absurdly incongruous. I have seen Braid smoke a cigarette, but comparatively few have been so privileged, and it is not a spectacle to inspire anyone to adopt the habit, for he does it gingerly as if uncertain whether an infernal machine was lurking within. Taylor ever and anon smokes fitfully and feverishly, but without conviction and without any fear of slavery. Mr. Laidlay fell during the war, but I can get no more used to seeing him with a cigarette than with an aluminium putter in place of his old cleek.

Leaving champions on one side, how infinitely various and characteristic are the habits of the ordinary golfer in this matter. There is the cigar, for instance, which he brings out with him half-smoked on to the first tee after lunch. presages a foursome in which the play will not be very strenuous nor very accurate, and there will be many "old grouse in the gunroom jokes," a ball or two lost in the gorse, perhaps, and mutual but wholly friendly recriminations. There are exceptions, of course. In Mr. Travis's case a cigar was the accompaniment of an almost devilish concentration, but it is usually the emblem of half-crown corners, and nobody cares

The cigarette may take innumerable forms. There is, for instance, the cigarette that we light when we are at last dormy after the holes have been dropping away in an uncomfortable and unaccountable manner. "Thank Heaven!" "At least the worst cannot happen now," and the smoke is exhaled in big, slow puffs of infinite relief. When we were only two up with three to go after having been four up with five, the puffs came short and sharp and we were hardly conscious that we were smoking at all. Then there is the first cigarette we light in the round, somewhere about the fifth hole, which has seen our first real set-back after a promising start. It has, sometimes, an admirably soothing effect if only it does not encourage us to light another at the next bad shot, and so on. In that case we are apt to find that we cannot keep pace with our errors, and the drug loses its potency. A cigarette to be mistrusted is the one that we light quite deliberately to signalise the fact that we are three or four up and have the match in hand. It is symbolic of a dangerous frame of mind. We may be like a runner who has eased up, then suddenly hears a rival pattering at his shoulder and finds that he cannot pull himself together again for a spurt.

A pipe, too, has its different meanings. Some people light a pipe to make themselves take trouble. In their case a pipe says plainly, "Two down at the fourth hole does not really matter, but the thing has gone far enough." Other people at precisely the same point will knock out a half-finished pipe against their boot with a determined tap which means a settling down to business. A pipe that is empty or out, but still fiercely bitten, may show that a man is not wholly master of himself, but it is far better than one which emits continual clouds. Generally speaking, the man who plays actual shots with his pipe in his

mouth has either won his match or given up all hope. Some people can do it-Ray, for instance, always does-but with most golfers it means that he is past fear; he is not even afraid of a visit to the dentist.

Clearly, it is a question on which no general rules can be laid down. I have often made a rule for myself and seldom kept it, though I know in my own heart that it is for me a sound one. It is not to smoke while playing, unless it be one cigarette at the turn, and that one is to be smoked irrespective of the state of my fortunes. Not to smoke seems to me to produce a more dour or dogged frame of mind. I do not say that it produces a more pleasant one. On the contrary, if I keep to my rule,

I am more likely to disgrace myself by an exhibition of bad temper, but less likely to disgrace myself by an exhibition of bad golf. So, at least, I fancy, but I must admit to cherished recollections of cigarettes "cadged" from friends at critical moments which appeared to turn defeat into victory. The aggravating part of it is that one never can tell. You might have played better if you had smoked or worse if you had not. One is reminded of the Irish doctor in an ancient Punch. An old gentleman of ninety said that he had drunk in moderation all his life, and the doctor replied, "Ah, but who knows, if you had been a teetotaller, that you might not have been a hundred by

THE WHITE WAGTAIL IN NORWAY

By Frances Pitt.



THE HOME OF THE WHITE WAGTAIL.

N Norway the white wagtail is the common wagtail, and in Surendal, where these notes were made, it was exceedingly numerous, being one of the features of the valley. Wherever you went, up or down the river, dainty wagtails were to be seen, perched on the rocks, or running over the stones by the waterside, flirting their long tails, and making little dashes to catch some of the many insects that abounded by the

water. They did not venture far from the river, and I never

saw one on the higher ground or up at the sæthers—they stayed in the valley, where insect life abounded.

Though at first one was struck by their resemblance to our pied wagtail, careful observation showed how much lighter in colour the white wagtail is, especially as regards the mantle, which in all the individuals was markedly paler. There appeared



FLY-CATCHING AT THE RIVERSIDE.

te me to be a good deal of individual variation as well, some birds being lighter than others, but probably this was chiefly a matter of sex and age. No pied wagtails were to be seen, though, according to the "Handbook of British Birds" though, according to the "Handbook of British Birds," the latter species has nested in the neighbourhood of Bergen.

the neighbourhood of Bergen. Probably that is the northern limit of its range, for not one was to be seen in Surendal.

When I arrived in the valley, during the second week in June, the white wagtails, despite a very late and cold season were well on with their despite a very late and cold season, were well on with their nesting affairs, and even had young on the wing. I at once, with a view to photography, began to look out for a nest, and soon had one located. It was tucked away in a hole in the river bank, under the shelter of a mountain ash bush, shelter of a mountain ash bush, and was so well hidden that it was only the old bird flying out which betrayed it. The eggs, five in number, were similar in type to those of the pied wagtail, but were a trifle lighter in colour, being a somewhat pale grey.

lighter in colour, being a somewhat pale grey.

The young hatched on A BUNCH
June 3 oth, quaint little nestlings
with a good deal of fluffy grey down. They seemed to give
their parents a great deal of anxiety, as the old birds were much
in evidence when anyone went near. They were even more
anxious when the tent was put up and preparations made to anxious when the tent was put up and preparations made to photograph them. They flitted about, up and down the riverside, flirting their tails as they ran over the stones, and twittering now and again to one another. One bird was slimmer, tighter in the feathers, and just a little dingier in colour than its mate, so I assumed it was the female, and that the smarter bird was the cock. Certainly the latter was a bolder, more cheeky bird, and in moments of excitement he elevated the feathers on the top of his head, so that he appeared to have a crest. He did not approve of his mate's nervousness, and when she returned with a beakful of insects and, instead of flying straight up to the nest with them, lingered by the water, he chased her over the boulders. He ran, and then flew after her, twittering with open beak, and seemed to be doing his best to make her go and see to the young ones. She turned round, faced him, and evidently refused to go and do her duty. Again he twittered at her, to the young ones. She turned round, faced him, and evidently refused to go and do her duty. Again he twittered at her, whereupon she stooped down, pressed her well filled beak against a stone, gave a gulp and swallowed her very considerable consignment of grubs, after which she flew away, followed by the cock. If ever a wife defied her husband it was that little bird! Soon they were both back, this time each with a beakful



A BUNCH OF INSECTS WEDGED IN ITS BEAK.

of insects, the male bringing flies and the female grubs of some sort or other, but exactly what they were I could not see. Again the hen showed nervousness, flitting about, swishing her tail and looking doubtfully at the tent; but the cock flew straight up to the stick on which my camera was focussed. The noise made by the shutter startled him, and away he went again; but it was not long before he was back, had flown up to the nest, fed the young, and flown away again. The female meanwhile sat on a twig, watching him and the tent. She sat there so long that at last she got quite weary, and had to stretch her tail and the young, and flown away again. The lemaie meanwhite sat on a twig, watching him and the tent. She sat there so long that at last she got quite weary, and had to stretch her tail and wings. Finally, she flew down to the water's edge and ate her supplies! She immediately collected another beakful of insects, and this time summoned up her courage and delivered them to the family. After that she was bolder, and I was able to take a series of photographs of her and her mate before I had to pull down the tent for the day. It was impossible to leave the hide up, as the only place where one could erect it was at the foot of the bank on the narrow strand of water-worn stones, and even then one side of it was dipping in the river. If left for the night it would probably have been washed away, as the river, fed by snow from the fjelds, was liable to sudden floods, rising and falling rapidly after a warm day. On the occasion of my next visit the water was so high that it was with difficulty that I wedged the tent under the bank and sat on a boulder with the ripples creeping steadily higher each minute.

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each minute.

The young ones, which had grown at the most surprising rate, now quite filled the nest, and it was evident that the old birds had to work hard to keep them supplied with food. However, the control of t them supplied with food. However, the wagtails had no need to go far for insects, as there was an abundant supply upon the river, especially flies of every sort that bite and make themselves felt—big "clegs," smaller and most spiteful creatures, to say nothing of the gentle mosquito! It was very pretty to watch the birds hunting. They ran about over the large They ran about over the large water-worn stones, making a dash here, a little flight there, then an excursion over the rushing water, and every time they added a fly to the bunch of insects wedged in their beaks. But whatever they did they were the most dainty and elegant of birds, their incessantly moving tails making them seem the em-bodiment of life and vitality as they flitted about or ran to and fro over the boulders, which one by one were disappearing under the rising waters.

As before, they were at first nervous of the tent, and again



A VERY SMART LITTLE FELLOW: THE MALE WHITE WAGTAIL.

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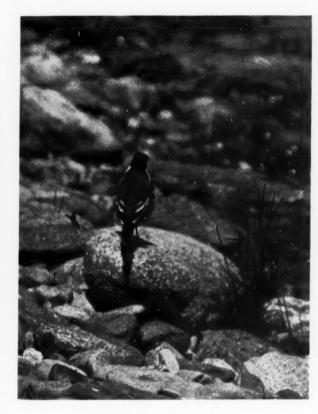
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SHOWING THE LIGHT MANTLE.



FLIRTING ITS TAIL.

the hen seemed inclined to neglect her duty, but her mate was firm about it, and ran after her and hurried her back to duty. They delivered many beakfuls of grubs, soon becoming quite indifferent to the hide; but the sun was pouring down upon it, the temperature inside was rising as fast as the river, and the prospect from its peepholes began to lose its charm. Yet, it was a lovely scene: the rushing river, magnificent in its flood, the green patches of cultivated land, the dark steep-sided valley, the brown tops, rising to snow-capped heights, and, over all, the cloudless blue sky. Cold and late as the spring had been, the Norwegian summer had come at last, and from that burning sun the birds seemed to draw vitality. The hotter it grew the more industriously the wagtails ran about, rushing after the flies, as if their existence depended on not losing one second. So

busy were they that they paid little attention to the logging men wading about in the river after the stranded fir logs which had been set afloat to come down on the flood. The men were wading in the icy snow-water, pushing off a log here, two or three there, and so on down the riverside; but when they got near my hide they turned amazed eyes on the little brown tent. I could see them making remarks about it and regarding it from a distance, but evidently word had passed up and down the valley regarding the mad Englishwoman's doings, for they made a careful detour to avoid interfering with me and the birds.

Hardly had they gone than the boat came for me, and pulling down the tent I packed it up and departed, looking back across the wide river to see the wagtails still flitting about as busily as ever.



WITH A BEAKFUL OF GRUBS FOR ITS NESTLINGS



STRETCHING! NOTE THE SPREAD TAIL AND WING.

"R. L. S."* NEW LIFE OF

T the present moment, when Robert Louis Stevenson is "coming back" after the shade that seems inevitably to fall upon the reputation of a writer after he is dead, a very cordial welcome will be extended to the new Life by Rosaline Masson. It is the work of an experienced artist who has, by innumerable deft touches and well chosen comments from letters, put together a most excellent portrait. It is helped out enormously by the nine illustrations of "R. L. S." which adorn and illuminate the pages. It is curious that the Scottish nationality of the author is far more marked in the presentment of him as a child than in after life. No one could mistake the ancestry of a boy with such a mouth, nose, eyes and forehead as are shown. As he grows older, he becomes an extremely handsome youth without having lost trace of that assertiveness about the mouth and the mixture of boldness and humour in the eyes that did not pass even when he was reduced to a skeleton in Samoa. Speaking of skeletons, nothing could be a greater approach to them than Sargent's portrait, where he is shown as an unspeakably thin figure twirling his moustache with the air of a dandy. The feature of his life that strikes one most in this book is its eternal youth. He understood himself well when he said, just previous to his last illness, that he did not know the art of growing old. He retained even up to the end the fine boyish impulsiveness that distinguished him as a mischievous urchin in old Edinburgh. Miss Masson prints innumerable extracts from his letters which show the same irrepressible vitality. It rose above sickness and, what was even more extraordinary, above the empty pocket of which he so often had reason to complain. His career would, no doubt, have been much more prosperous from the monetary point of view his life had begun at the date when his death took place. successors brought to a much higher pitch the art of turning literature into an imposing bank balance. His temperament had something to do with it. Stevenson was continually complaining of poverty, yet he had a spirit that refused to bow to Mammon. When Mr. Gosse offered him forty pounds for Mammon. an article on body-snatching and he did not do it to his satisfaction, he refused the full amount. In America, where he was much more readily understood and, consequently, more popular than he was in Great Britain, he showed courage enough to refuse £3,000 for a weekly contribution. These are facts that scarcely need stating to those who understand that his love was for his art, not for the profit that was to be derived Whether prospering or not, it is delightful to read again the gay sallies that occur so frequently in his writings. The most light-hearted and amusing of this kind occurs in a letter to W. E. Henley in days before their estrangement. Miss Masson prints it from "one of Louis's long, untidy, almost undecipherable letters to Henley":

My name is Andrew Lang
Andrew Lang
Andrew Lang
That's my name,
And criticism and cricket is my game.
With my eyeglass in my eye
Am not I
Am I not
A lady-dady Oxford kind of Scot
Am I not? Am I not

Of course, no one will read ill-nature in this who knows of the quips and cranks that passed from one to another of the Stevensonian circle. Nevertheless, like many of those who are naturally full of high spirits, he was liable to his moments of depression, though, perhaps, that is too harsh a name for his meditation of death and what came after. His "Requiem" would prove this if it were necessary to do so:

Here he lies where he longed to be: Home is the sailor, home from sea, And the hunter home from the hill.

Miss Masson points out that those verses were written on a bed of sickness "while he lay in the valley of the shadow, unable to move, speechless, blind"; the idea had been long in his mind. One of the lines he often repeated to himself occurs in a little adumbration of the "Requiem":

Now when the number of my years Is all fulfilled and I From sedentary life Shall rouse me up to die, Bury me low and let me lie Under the wide and starry sky, Joying to live, I joyed to die, Bury me low and let me lie.

The hunter is, indeed, home from the hill now, and we can look back on his career without being disturbed by that living and versatile presence which, when he was living, seemed to

change like the colours in the rainbow. He takes his place definitely now among the classic Scottish writers, not as the equal of any of them but as preserving and revivifying the best of each. It has been said that his novels are but slices from Sir Walter Scott, and that is, in a measure, true; but they are real and abiding literature and easily maintain a position beside the Waverley Novels and the works of the "makkers," and that, we take it, is very high praise.

Life of Robert Louis Stevenson, by Rosaline Masson. (Chambers,

UNDER WHICH KING-ART OR THE DOLLAR?

The Imperturbable Duchess and Other Stories, by J. D. Beresford. (Collins, 7s. 6d.)

The Imperturbable Duchess and Other Stories, by J. D. Beresford. (Collins, 7s. 6d.)

THE note of mocking astringency that sounds through the lightness of Mr. Beresford's preface to these short stories is accounted for by the inescapable fact that no man can serve two masters, and that Mr. Beresford has been trying to do it. Moreover, of all the people who essay at any time this divided service, no man feels a more implacable hostility towards the master whom he has no business to be serving (no matter how generously that master rewards him) than the artist. This is as it should be. There are authors who are intelligent and competent and adaptable: let such take every advantage of literary markets, and let their supply be deliberately produced to meet a literary demand, real or supposed. They will take no harm. But for the author who, as Mr. Beresford with quiet irony remarks, "may even, in extreme cases, be an artist," there is no such comfortable road. More has been given to him; more is required of him. "The whole duty of Art is listening for the voice of God," and the artist who listens instead to the rustle of the dollars in an American editor's hand pays, rightly, a price in suffering that is out of all proportion to his financial gains, handsome though these may be. Not for him is the jam-puff plot, the slick characterisation, the snap ending of the popular short story. He can do it, of course, and he may do it, and not seldom he yields to the temptation and does do it. But it is he and not the American editor who really pays. The dollars that turn for other people into comforts or luxuries turn for him into dust and ashes because he is ashamed. He has played the part of a good citizen; he has fed and clothed and housed his family. But Art can be appeased by nothing but service, and so Art sees to it that he shall be keenly, angrily ashamed. That, we think, is the real reason for the preface to this book, and that is what is the matter with most of the contents. The stories and sketches are well written,

WORKS OF ART AT CHEQUERS.

WORKS OF ART AT CHEQUERS.

A Catalogue of the Principal Works of Art at Chequers. London. Published under the authority of His Majesty's Stationery Office, 1923.

IT was certainly desirable that, as Chequers is now the property of the nation, under the munificent gift of Lord and Lady Lee of Farcham, its contents should be systematically catalogued, and one is agreeably surprised that in these days of financial stringency the Treasury should have sanctioned the publication of this excellent catalogue, with fifty-four interesting plates. It is obvious that for years the several owners of Chequers have been collecting objects of art of all kinds, so that the house now contains a suggestive and valuable collection. Among these the Cromwell relics will always have the greatest interest, and it is fortunate that they should have found a permanent home at Chequers. To those acquainted with the history and antiquities of the county of Buckingham, they have long been known. It may be well to repeat how they came to Chequers. Cromwell's youngest daughter, Frances, married Sir John Russell, whose son John married Joanna, daughter and heiress of Sergeant Thurbarne of Chequers, and so it was through Frances Russell and her son that the Cromwell portraits and other relics found a final home in Buckinghamshire. They add to the peculiar historical interest of this portion of Buckinghamshire, for it is a short distance only from Chequers to the home of John Hampden. The miniatures of Cromwell after Samuel Cooper and other artists have the most historical value, but the portraits of his sons Henry and Richard and of others of his family, not to speak of those of Lambert and Pym, compose a group unique in character. For, before us, we see reproduced many of the personalities of the Commonwealth and we are associated in memory with the Protector, his family and political friends. Nowhere, except at Chequers, does this association with one episode in English history exist.

A Perfect Day, by Bohun Lynch. (Collins, 5s.)
UNLESS you are one of those unfortunates whom another man's good rouses to envy and all unhappiness, Mr. Bohun Lynch's A Perfect Day, should give you, vicariously, a perfect hour or so. It is only a record of an ordinary man's thoughts and doings on a lovely summer day when his wife comes home from a long absence and he has two pleasant surprises ready for her in the shape of the house they have covered and a horse of her very own. There is sunshine and good talk and good food and good wine and perfect—but quite ordinary—English scenery, two bathes and two gallops, comfort at a village inn and married love that has stood the test of years and has still the gaiety and lightness

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of sweethearting, and that is all. Given the last, the other conditions are not, perhaps, so impossible to reproduce in whatever other materials happen to be available, so that really Mr. Lynch's Joseph deserves less to be envied for his good fortune than to be admired for so thoroughly appreciating it.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

(Reference is made in this column to all books received and does not, of course, preclude the publication of a further notice in COUNTRY LIFE.)

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY ARCHITECTURE OF BRISTOL, by Mr. C. F. W. Dening, and with a preface by Sir Lawrence Weaver, very appropriately finds publishers in Messrs. J. W. Arrowsmith, who have produced a very finely printed and illustrated volume priced at two and a-half guineas. Everyday Architecture (T. Fisher Unwin, 8s. 6d.), is by Mr. Manning Robertson. Lady Margaret Hall (Milford, 6s. 6d.), issued on behalf of the Lady Margaret Hall Appeal Fund, is a history of activities rather than the description of buildings for which it might be mistaken.

In The Smugglers (Cecil Palmer, 42s., two vols.), Lord Teignmouth and Mr. Charles G. Harper have collected much that bears on the picturesque side of dealings in contraband. Two plays after Gilbert and Sullivan and an essay form the contents of Dr. C. A. Alington's King Harrison and Others (Ingleby, 7s. 6d.), Queen Bess in Borrowed Plumes (Privately printed, Bumpus), is a little volume of verse, some of it reprinted from the pages of Country Life, by Alice Masters Balean (Humphrey Noel Bradford), who died just a year ago.

Fiction received includes The Red Lodge (Mills and Boon, 7s. 6d.), by Mr. Victor Bridges; A Limb of Satan (Stanley Paul, 7s. 6d.), by Mr. Bernard Gilbert, whose country playlets have often interested us; and a reprint of Mr. Rafael Sabatini's successful novel, The Strolling Saint (Stanley Paul, 3s. 6d.), by Mr. C. W. Bailey, and a seasonable

volume, largely devoted to cocktails, Drinks: How to Mix and Serve (Stanley Paul, 1s. 6d.).

Vinton's Agricultural Almanack and Diary, 1924 (Vinton, 3s. 6d.), a tried and trusted friend to the agriculturist, has also made its appearance, and from Messrs. Kelly's Directories, published at 1s. post free, comes a supplement to their Handbook to the Titled, Landed and Official Classes, made necessary by the recent election and containing an alphabetical list of the new Members of Parliament, with addresses, clubs and constituencies, also an alphabetical list of constituencies with the names of members.

"Burke" as Burke's Peerage, Baronetage and Knightage (Burke Publishing Company, £5 5s.), is affectionately called all the world over, has one section which no other book of reference has ever attempted to copy—the alphabetical list of every person having any claim to precedency, with a number attached to his or her name which indicates the position in the scale of precedence to which that person is entitled. This sounds a terribly complicated undertaking, but is really of the greatest possible simplicity to the reader, whatever it may have cost the originator of it, Mr. Ashworth Burke. As precedence in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and India is also fully explained, this feature of "Burke" is beyond all praise, but it is only one of very many. The diplomatic section is a new one which the man or woman of affairs will find invaluable. Looking at the book from another point of view, the full and complete genealogies of all families bearing hereditary titles are of extraordinary interest, not only to the persons concerned, but to everyone who would understand the history of Britain and the building up of her constitution, particularly when coupled with the account given of our dynasty, which has the longest history of any in the world, save that of the Japanese royal family, whose claims can hardly be scrutinised as carefully. The biographies of those who have only life claims in titles of honour, knight

THE AGA KHAN AS A BREEDER IN IRELAND

SOME NOTES ON NATIONAL HUNT RACING.

HE interesting announcement has been made that the Sheshoon Stud in Ireland has been purchased by the Aga Khan, who has been most fortunate in engaging the services of Captain Greer as its manager. It seems that Captain Greer was the vendor of the stud, but that fact does not enlighten me as to the identity of Sheshoon, which, I am told, is situated not so far from The Curragh as, indeed, is the case with the National Stud at Tully, which, by the way, Captain Greer is to continue to direct for the British Government, so disposing for the present of the rather absurd report that the stud was about to be removed to this country.

I have always been under the impression that Captain Greer was the owner of the Brownstown Stud. It was there, if my memory serves me correctly, that he had the sire Wildfowler after that horse had won the St. Leger. He bred lots of useful winners, including the Cesarewitch winner, Furore, and, I fancy, he was first concerned with Earla Mor. However, it is news of the first importance for breeders that the Aga Khan has acquired a stud farm in Ireland. Long ago he told me that his object in having bought so many fillies among his high-priced yearlings in 1921—they included Cos, Paola and Teresina—was that they would at once form the foundation of a stud when the time came. He also mentioned then that he would most probably select a place in Ireland. Now the fact is accomplished, and it does not require a great deal of imagination to foresee the time when he will rank as one of the leading private breederowners in this country, feeding his racing stable in England with the stock reared on the quite exceptional land in that part of the Irish Free State.

That fact will bring to an end or much reduce his big dealings around the yearling sale-ring. Yet they were necessary in the first

That fact will bring to an end or much reduce his big dealings around the yearling sale-ring. Yet they were necessary in the first instance if he wished to become possessed of the right sort of foundation stock for the creation of a stud on the highest possible lines. The Aga Khan always had big ideas about most things in life, and especially has he shown himself a man of great breadth of vision. For that reason he has never wavered in his belief

of vision. For that reason he has never wavered in his belief that only from the best can you expect to produce the best in the long run. Cases will occur of phenomenal luck in breeding or in buying for the racecourse, but he who can put down the large capital and judiciously lay it out must prevail in the long run. It is why big guns must prevail over lesser artillery.

One sees much shrewdness in all that the Aga Khan has had carried out on his behalf since he first decided to come into racing in England. First of all, he made up his mind, as I have said, that only the best would be good enough. He recognised that it would have to be highly paid for. Then, he was fortunate in getting the Hon. George Lambton, who was ever a fine judge of horses, especially of young thoroughbred stock, to buy for him, giving him practically an open cheque. He went straight ahead boldly and with some inspired judgment. The Aga Khan may have been recommended to Mr. Lambton by Lord Derby. Sometimes I think that must have been so, as when the buyer made his first purchases in 1921 he had not met the man who

was signing the cheques. The association, however, once begun, has continued ever since, and I do not doubt that the Aga Khan is fully conscious of all that he owes to Mr. Lambton.

Then it cannot be doubted that he showed excellent judgment in sending his horses to Mr. R. C. Dawson to be trained in the quiet of Whatcombe in Berkshire. He has done wonderfully well for him, and during the past two seasons, especially in the one just ended, he has trained winners of many thousands of pounds, which represent a substantial contribution towards reimbursing the owner for his big initial outlay. And now comes the news that the stud has been selected and duly bought, with absolutely the best man to take charge of it. I refer to Captain Greer, a man of fine character and rich experience in the breeding of high-class horses. The success of the National Stud in recent years has largely been due to his personal direction. He will be a busy man henceforth.

The Sheshoon Stud, by the end of this year, will, I imagine, have close on a score of most valuable young mares on the place. Among them should be Cos, Paola, Teresina, Bombay Duck, Tiara and, possibly, Mumtaz Mahal, for I cannot think that the latter's racing career is going to be a long one. In due course it will, doubtless, be the policy to establish a sire there, and naturally one thinks of Diophon and Salmon Trout. But then, so much will depend on how they may acquit themselves in 1924. Both are in the Derby, but only one can win if good enough. Diophon has the more sparkling two year old form, and in private I do not doubt that he was much the better of the two. To-day, however, it is possible that Salmon Trout has just as many admirers among knowledgeable folk for the Derby as the other one. There is an idea that he will make the more improvement from two to three years of age. Beyond question he is a colt suggesting from his conformation and the fact that he was comparatively late in maturing that he is just the sort to improve out of all recognition and overtake

Mahal.

I am told that the famous grey filly is at present turned out at Lord Carnarvon's stud, the idea being that the partial freedom and change from stable routine would restore her that confidence and robustness which she seemed to lose towards the end of the season. She was in no sense seriously over-raced, though it may have been a mistake, in the light of what is known now, to have asked her to race in deep ground at Kempton Park when,

apparently, she was not as good as she had been earlier in the year.

apparently, she was not as good as she had been earlier in the year. Turning out horses in training in the winter does not always work well. There was a case only last winter which may or may not have been due to that procedure. I refer to Sir John Robinson's horses Duncan Gray and Roger de Busli. They left their training quarters quite all right, and I know that Basil Jarvis liked the grey just as well as he did Papyrus. When they returned and were put into work again unsoundness in the wind asserted itself, and Duncan Gray has had to be tubed.

I have written sufficient to show that the Aga Khan has taken a most interesting step in acquiring a stud in Ireland. It shows there is to be permanency about his participation in English racing, and I have shown, too, that his ideas will be to have it conducted on the same high-class lines that have characterised his patronage of racing.

It is generally assumed that with the opening of a new year National Hunt racing shows marked improvement. This may be so, but my idea is that there has been rather better stuff served up during December than has usually been the case in the opening month of the season. The steeplechasing has not been particularly edifying, but there have been happenings of more than passing interest. It is regrettable that Lord Woolavington's once high-class 'chaser, Southampton, has had to be tubed, and cannot, therefore, be anything like so good as he was. Another horse of his, Eureka II, made a good impression

at Sandown Park, and then committed the unpardonable sin of running out at the commencement of a three-mile 'chase at Newbury last week-end. That same race also brought out Gerald L. This fine big horse—he stands 16h. 3½ins.—has been off a racecourse since just before the last Grand National, but one saw quite enough last week, even though he did not win, to be quite sure that he is probably as good as ever. Clashing Arms is a very fine three-miler over a park course, but I am beginning to doubt whether Blazing Corn is quite the horse he was. He did not put much fire into his work at Kempton Park on Boxing Day, but possibly Hawker, who beat him then, is very good indeed, and possibly also Blazing Corn does not properly get three miles. In looks, Hawker is, probably, the most improved good 'chaser we have. He is trained by Stanley Wootton, who seems equally skilful with all sorts of racehorses and is quite a bright shining light among trainers. He, too, last week, brought out the very smart young hurdler, Noce d'Argent. Among the young 'chasers that have made a good impression we must specially mention Arduous, who used to be regularly hunted in the Cottesmore country, but has assumed an altogether higher specially mention Ardious, who used to be regularly number in the Cottesmore country, but has assumed an altogether higher status now. It may be, however, that the best "novice" chaser is The Red Knight. He fell last time out at Hurst Park when it had looked a thousand to one on him, but I have no doubt he is very good indeed, as he may have proved at Manchester this week.

"NOW THE GREAT WINDS SHOREWARD BLOW"



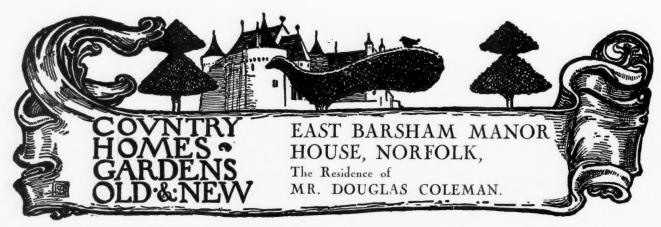
F. 7. Mortimer.

"SEE HOW THE GREY GULLS WHIRL AND THRONG."



THE HUNGRY SEA.

May Old



ERE East Barsham Manor House still standing in anything like completeness, it would offer us a striking and valuable example of an Early Tudor country seat with an unusual plan and with an unusual treatment of materials. From the presence on the structure of the griffin and the hound as supporters to the royal arms, and of the arms of John Wode, it has been surmised that the house dates, for the most part, from the time of Henry VII, and that it was at least begun by John Wode. That would make the use of terra-cotta work and the adoption of a rectangular plan all the more extraordinary. The other best known examples of terra-cotta work—that is, Layer Marney, Sutton, Snoring and West Stow—all belong to the reign of Henry VIII, and there is really no solid ground for asserting that East Barsham was begun under his father. It is true that Henry VII used the griffin and the greyhound as

his supporters, but it is equally true that the greyhound was continued by his successor until 1527, when the lion replaced it; and it is the greyhound that we find on the porch at Compton Wynyates, which no one dates before 1520. At East Barsham the greyhound appears on the hall porch, and the lion on the gatehouse. That dates the gate-house as subsequent to the porch and, therefore, probably to the general fabric of the house. But it does not place the latter as, necessarily, much anterior to 1527—that is, a quarter of a century after Sir Henry Fermor was first connected with the manor. Thus we come to very much the same date as the building of Layer Marney and Sutton. The presence, amid the heraldry, of the Wode saltire between four staples (seen on a terra-cotta panel in Fg. 12) does not prove that John Wode, whose death is set down as occurring in 1496, even partially replaced an older house with the present one. His widow had possession for life, but his



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1.-THE GATE-HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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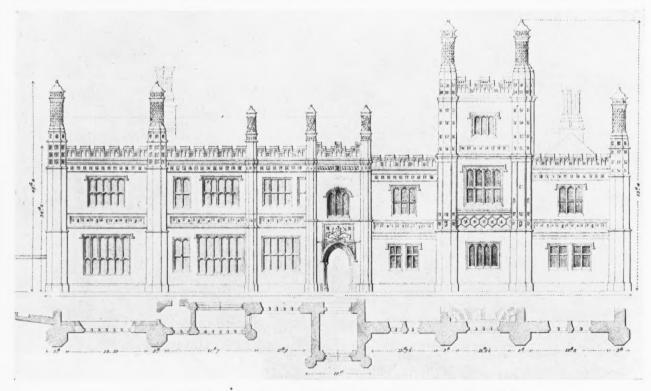


-THE SOUTH ELEVATION, AS IT NOW STANDS.

son Roger had the reversion of the estate until he appears to have been bought out by his stepfather, Sir Henry Fermor.

As to him, very little is known. Nor does his son, Sir William, loom large on the page of history. Of early Tudor Fermors it is only Richard, the successful "grocer" who also dealt in silks and supplied Wolsey, that finds place in the Dictionary of National Biography. But this ancestor of the Earls of Pomfret was Welsh by descent, whereas the Fermors of East Barsham may have been connected with that part of Norfolk long before they acquired this manor. Blomefield, the eighteenth century historian of Norfolk, found record of a William Fermor who was vicar of West Barsham in 1395, and probably of the same stock was the Thomas Fermor "of Taterfet," near by, who flourished in the middle years of the

fifteenth century, and to whom the prior of Hempton granted an annuity of 30s. "for the good and wholesome advice" given by him. This modest annuitant is thought by Blomefield given by him. This modest annuitant is thought by Blomefield to have been the father of Sir Henry. But Sir Henry does not appear in a 1500 A.D. list of the Norfolk gentry, as we learn from a paper read in 1911 to the Norfolk Archæological Society by Mr. Rye, who adds that by 1523 Sir Henry must have become the richest man in the county, judging by the amount of his assessment to a benevolence in that year. As John Wode lived till 1496, his widow may not, in 1500, yet have married Henry Fermor, who by this match held East Barsham "by the courtesy of England." But by 1523 he not only had married her, but had become owner in fee simple of the Wode estates. Where his wealth came from we do not know. Was he, like his Welch



4.--THE SOUTH ELEVATION CONJECTURALLY RESTORED BY PUGIN.

namesake, a London merchant? and was he of that stock and not the son of the Taterfet annuitant? That really matters What concerns us is that it must surely have been he who new built the Barsham manor house, and who was a man of advanced views on the subject of housing. At Sutton in Surrey and at Barrington in Somerset there was the same single-storeyed hall; but, although both these houses show more advance towards the increasingly desired symmetry, they have the winged or quadrangular plan of single room depth, even in the centre, that had been, and remained throughout the sixteenth cen-tury, the normal English house plan. Yet the plan of Barsham (Fig. 10), as drawn from a survey made nearly a century ago, when the ruin of the western half was less complete than now, shows a rectangular huilding troft long and 18ft. than now, shows a rectangular building 14oft. long and 58ft. wide, with scarce a projection, and everywhere two rooms thick. It is, however, possible that this plan includes later foundations and that the north side once presented side wings and a hollow centre. What the forecourt was like--that is, to what extent it was wholly surrounded by buildings—does not appear. The gate-house was certainly flanked by buildings, probably of equal range with the south elevation of the But whether there were "houses of office" or only walls connecting the house with the gate-house range has not been established.

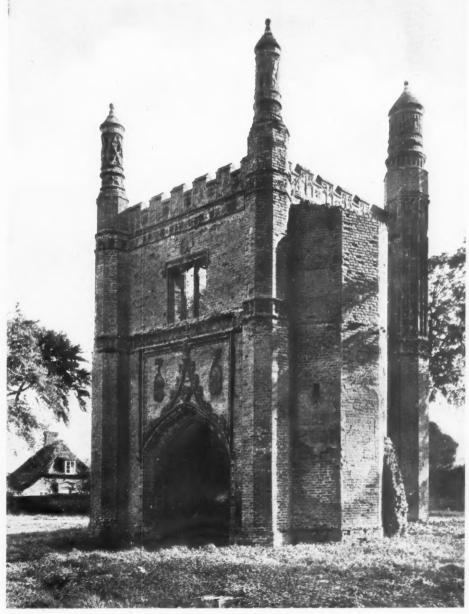
The earliest account of the estate and description of the house are to be found in the third volume of Blomefield's "History of Norfolk," published in 1769. He tells us that De Barshams were followed in possession by De Woltertons, this principal manor of the East Barsham parish being then and subsequently known by their name. Roger de Wolterton was owner under Henry III, but in the fifteenth century it passed to the Wode family. John Wode of Briston died in 1470 and was buried at East Barsham. He was succeeded by his brother Robert, whose son John was the next owner. Blomefield surmises him to be the John Wode "who was chofe Speaker of the House of Commons in 1482," and gives the year 1496 as that of his death. It is after that that Henry Fermor appears on the scene, as the husband of John Wode's widow. Blomefield tells us no more of her than that her Christian name was Margaret. But as the Stapleton lion, alone or impaled by Fermor, appears passim in brick and terra-cotta, we may conclude that she was of that family. Sir Henry—he was



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5.—THE RENOVATED FINIALS OF THE TOWER.

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6.—THE INNER SIDE OF THE GATE-HOUSE.

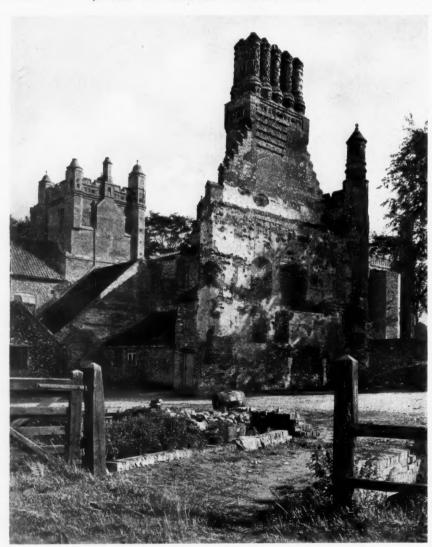
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7.—THE TEN-SHAFTED CHIMNEY STACK.

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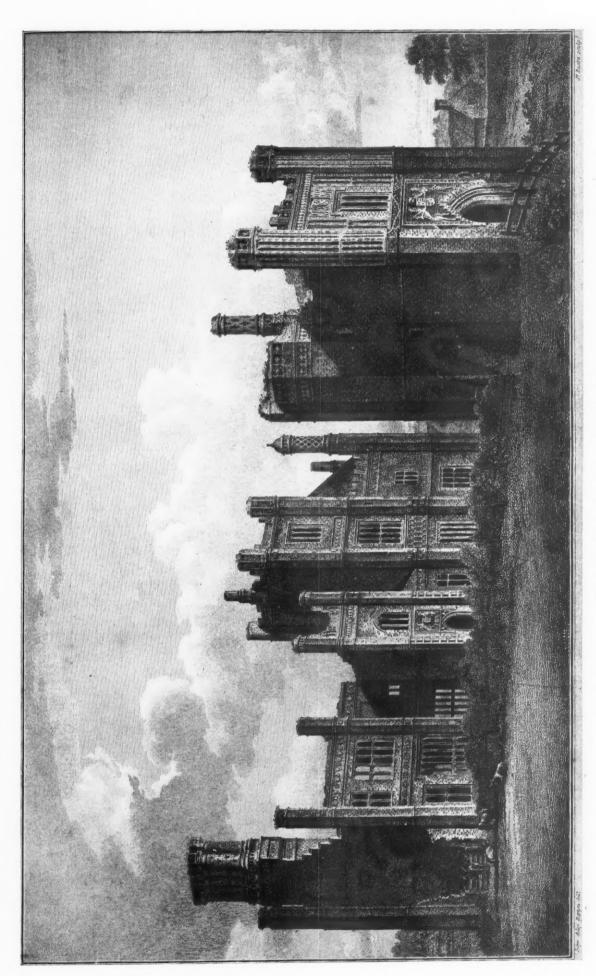


8.—THE RUINED WEST END FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

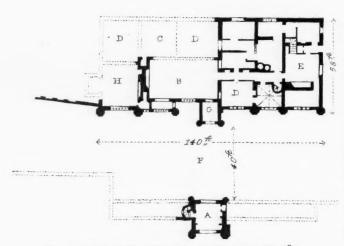
knighted, and was Sheriff of Norfolk in 1523—outlived her and married again before his death in 1536. His son, Sir William, succeeded him, and Blomefield attributed the building of the house to the son, and not to the father:

sir William Farmor built on this manor of Wolterton (as I take it) a very large and frately manorhouse, or hall of brick, in the reign of King Henry VIII—now very much decayed and ruinous; some years past I found these remains of antiquity—over the great gate-house, leading into the court-yard, on the outside, are the King's arms of France and England, quarterly supported by a lion and a griffin; on the right side of it, the arms of Fermor; argent, on a saltire, sable between 4 lions heads erased, gules, a martlet of the first between four bezants; on a chief azure, an anchor between 2 pallets, or; impaling, argent, 3 pallets gules . . . and on the left Fermor impaling argent a lion rampant sable, Stapleton. Below these are two wild men, or giants, in two niches, one on each side of the gate, as janitors, armed with clubs.

Not much of the "wild men" remains (Fig. 2); but the huge griffin and lion their paws stretch a length of nearly 7ft.—are fairly perfect, and are a fine example of the building up of figures in brick or terra-cotta, presumably first moulded and then, after being built in, cut. The ogival form of the outer mouldings of the arch, rising up to support the royal arms, is a very clever and elaborate piece of enriched brick-work, of which the traceried or crested string-courses and the turret finials are other examples. But the builder of the other examples. But the builder of the gate-house—which, as the lion supporter shows, dates from after 1527—did possess himself of chalk stone which he used for the jambs of the outer arch and the upper half of the turret-like corner buttresses. Much the same mixture of materials, as well as close eximplestic of terra cetter week is found. similarity of terra-cotta work, is found at Great Snoring. The two houses are a couple of miles apart, and the families were connected by marriage, Shelton of Snoring having married a sister of Sir James Boleyn of Blickling, whose wife was a daughter of John Wode. The latter had a son, Roger, who, subject to the life interest in the family house of his mother and stepfather, succeeded as owner of the manors of Barsham and Waldgraves. Barsham and Waldgraves. We find Sir Henry Fermor confirming them to him in 1514, except "the feite of the manor called Wolterton wherein he dwelt," together with barns, yards, orchard as pasturage. Four years later, however, Roger goes to Jerusalem on pilgrimage, and is heard of no more. Evidently he is dead when, in 1520, Sir Henry Fermor enters into an arrangement with Roger's three sisters and co-heiresses (one of them being Lady Boleyn) whereby each of them is to have £35 per annum, and he to have "for ever" all the lands in Norfolk that had belonged to John or Roger Wode. Sir Henry may have begun rebuilding the manor house "wherein he dwelt" during his stepson's lifetime, and have included the Wode arms among the various devices that the terra-cotta workers wrought for him, or he may have waited until he had secured the freehold before he began replacing the old by a new building. He would begin with the hall and its porch, and the latter would be complete before the disuse of the greyhound supporter in 1527. After that he could complete the house and, perhaps, build



9.—THE HOUSE FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.
Reproduced from an engraving of a drawing made by John Adey Repton in 1808. It will be seen that the finial at the east end is the only one that remained complete.



To.—GENERAL PLAN, AS PUBLISHED BY PUGIN IN 1830.
 A, gate-house; B, hall; C, staircase; D, apartments; E, kitchen; F, courtyard; G, porch; H, parlour.
 N.B.—Plan and attribution of rooms may have been somewhat conjectural.

the gate-house. That, however, may date from after his death in 1536. The only reason Blomefield gives for attributing the entire work to the son is founded on an indication in the painted glass—mostly heraldic—of the hall oriel which, in his time, was still there, and of which he says:

Here is the date in the window 1538 in which year 'tis probable the house was built.

Such a house was not built in a year, and very often the non-structural decorative parts had to wait long before they could

be afforded. Sir Henry is, therefore, the likely author of the house, except some finishing touches. But the gate-house may, possibly, but not probably, be the work of Sir William. On its inner side (Fig. 6) the arch has a still more accentuated ogival outer moulding, which is decked with a foliage cresting and rises to the summit of the armorial panel. Here the Sovereign is merely represented by a Tudor rose placed within the ogival moulding. But on either side of the latter a hand stretches out of a cloud and sustains a shield. That of Fermor alone is on the left, and that of Fermor impaling Knevet on the right. Now, Sir William wedded a Knevet, and thus we have some presumptive evidence that the gateway arose under his ownership. But the coats are not structural work, being finished in plaster, and the Knevet impalement may have been an afterthought. Or the father, who had his own impalement on the outer side, may, after the marriage of his son and heir, have set up this recognition of the event, just as the presence of the shields of Yelverton and of Berney impaling Fermor (which Blomefield noted in one of the rooms) were in recognition of his sons-in-law. It is noticeable that in none of the elaborate ornamentation of the gate-house is there any trace of Renaissance detail, such as, in sympathy with Snoring and Layer Marney, we should have expected under Sir William, the absence of it being noticeable, even if we set down its date as immediately after 1527.

Facing the gate-house rises the projecting and two-storeyed porch (Fig. 11) that led into the hall "screens." It is here, in the panel above the arch, that we find the Royal arms with the greyhound supporter, and with the portcullis of the Beauforts—both as applicable to Henry VIII as to Henry VII. The detail picture of the arch (Fig. 14) shows the Fermor arms in the left hand spandrel. The flanking octagonal buttresses are here of the chequer flint and stone work, so much used in fifteenth century East Anglian church porches. In other respects the details of the porch resemble those of the gate-house. except that

house, except that the window is arched, a Gothic treatment, still occasionally re-tained in gate-houses of Henry VIII's time, as in that of St. John's College, Cambridge. The porch occupies the centre of the south elevation, as seen in the conjectural restoration drawn by Pugin nearly a century ago (Fig. 4). But the three bays, or sections, of bays, the building on each side of the porch are by no means sym-metrical. To the left, and of the same height as the porch, came the two bays of the hall and of the great chamber above it, and beyond that the one bay of the parlour and its superposed chamber. Here all chamber. Here all the windows transomed, whereas there are no transoms to the rather lower building to the right of the gate-house, except in the middle window of the threestoreyed tower that occupies the centre. This oddly placed tower is a singular and unexpected feature, and is more likely to be a re-faced incorporation of part incorporation of part of the Wode manor house than an integral portion of Sir Henry Fermor's new design. Yet, the vaulting and ribbing that seal the ground and first floor



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11.—THE WESTERN END OF THE SOUTH ELEVATION.

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rooms are of the brick that Sir Henry used. The tower occurs in the half of the house that long ago was saved from ruin to house a farmer, and which, in its adaptation as such, lost its original internal features, and, indeed, much of its original disposition. But the plan still shows how it started from the hall screens with three doorways, the central one serving a passage to what is still the kitchen. The western half of the house, decayed even in the time of Blomefield, was merely a set of ruined walls and one grand and complete chimney stack when John Adey Repton, visiting East Barsham in 1808, was surprised at finding remains of what, as he puts it, "I believe, in richness of moulded brickwork, exceeds anything of the kind in England." He made a plan of the house and some drawings, which he sent to the Society of Antiquaries and which were published in 1811 in the third volume of the "Vetusta Monumenta." Pugin went there a score of years later and made a series of beautiful and painstaking measured drawings, that of the south elevation being reproduced (Fig. 4), as also his plan which exactly follows that of Repton. He is not likely to have very carefully differentiated between old foundations and more recent farmery walls and buildings, so that his plan by no means proves that Sir Henry Fermor built a rectangular two-room-thick block. Whether either Repton or Pugin found traces of a staircase in the large square central space behind the hall (C on plan) or whether it was merely a fanciful attribution is uncertain. If the former, it would suggest additions by Sir Christopher Calthorpe, who, we are told, owned and resided in the house at the close of the seventeenth century, for such a stair in such a location is certainly not in the Henry VIII manner. It will need a very critical survey of foundations before the rectangular theory can be accepted. Until then the suggestion that the centre of the house was only one room thick, and that there were wings projecting northward behind parlour and kitchen is in

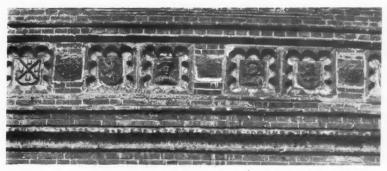
A photograph taken from the north-west (Fig. 8) shows no original above-ground walls except those of the tower and of the south and west walls of the hall. A low enclosure beyond the latter marks the foundations of the parlour, of which the south-west corner buttress and turret still stand. For the rest, we see walls of farmhouse and outbuildings reconstructed haphazard with old and often broken materials.

with old and often broken materials.

The massiveness of the chimney stack that rises between hall and parlour ensured its survival up to the time of Repton's visit, and the revived interest in such an architectural relic which followed led to some repair. Not only were surviving parts secured from further ruin, but new tops were put to some of the finials. In Repton's drawing, now reproduced (Fig. 9), only one appears fully complete, that at the southeast corner of the house. One or two others had lost no more than the apex of the pyramidal tops, and these, as the illustrations show, have in many cases been replaced. The great stack of chimneys, with ten shafts or tunnels, was practically intact, and Pugin says of them:

These chimneys are built upon the western gable of the hall, to which two of the tunnels belonged; two others were appropriated to the chamber over the hall, two to the parlour, two to the chamber above it, and the other two to fireplaces in the garrets. Such a large group of chimneys is scarcely to be seen in any other building of this date, and the richness of their ornaments is quite extraordinary. Some of the projecting mouldings on the top have fallen into decay, but the other parts remain perfect.

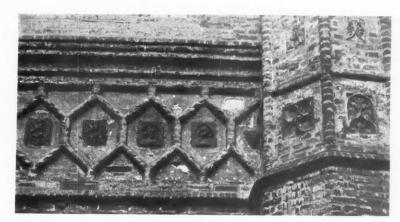
Enriched circular and octagonal chimney shafts were quite in vogue under Henry VIII, as we may see at Thornbury in Gloucestershire and at Leez Priory in Essex. But Pugin was right in pointing out the uniqueness of this group of ten built up of specially moulded curved sections



yright. 12.—TERRA-COTTA PANELS.

COUNTRY LIFE.

They are part of the string-course at the east end,



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13.—TERRA-COTTA PANELS.
Part of the lower string-course of the tower.

"COUNTRY LIFE



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14.—THE HALL PORCH.

COUNTRY LIFE."

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of terra-cotta enriched with diapers, roses, fleurs-de-lis and other conventional designs, some of which reappear on the buttress turrets or finials. Just below where the shafts rise from the stack are sunk panels filled with rows of moulded terra-cotta quarries, some heraldic, where we find the Stapleton lion and the Wode saltire between four staples, some with the Tudor rose and some with heads, not in profile like those at Snoring, but full-face of a man and woman. These alone, among the terra-cotta work, may be said to show some tendency towards the Renaissance, but probably this was more fully displayed in the wood panelling that still survived in Blomefield's time. He tells us that—

In a room called the nurfery, and above ftairs are feveral antique heads of men and women in antique dreffes, on the wainfcoat; under the heads of one man and woman, the arms of Farmor and Wood, under others Farmor and Knevet, Yelverton and Farmor, Berney and Farmor.

This room will have been the great chamber over the hall, and the four impalements represented Sir Henry Fermor and his wife, his son and his wife, his two daughters and their husbands—that is, the whole family of the first Fermor owner. His son, Sir William, improved the family fortunes as an official of the Court of Augmentation and the grantee of church lands. He, moreover, appears to have been one of those who saw wealth in sheep-farming, and, by their increase of grassland and ejectment of husbandmen, caused an ineffectual Act of Parliament to be passed in 1516 to stem the tide. Thus Sir Thomas More relates in his "Utopia," how "noblemen and gentlemen—yea and certain Abbots, holy men no doubt,— . . . leave no ground for tillage," and complains that—

They inclose all into pastures; they throw down houses, they pluck down towns, and leave nothing standing, but only the church to be made a sheep house.

That Sir William was of this powerful but unpopular class, we may judge by the item in his will whereby he bequeathed ten shillings to the "pore men's boxe of every town where I have a flock of shepe going."

His son Thomas, who succeeded him in 1558, dissipated much of the wealth that father and grandfather had gathered. Blomefield tells us that he "wafted in a great degree his eftate and fold many lordfhips." His son was the last of the male line, his daughter Mary carrying the Wolterton manor and the

residue of the estates to James Calthorpe. That was in the time of Charles I, and under Charles II we find their descendant, Sir Christopher Calthorpe, residing there. But after him it ceased to be a residential seat of its owners. His co-heiress Anne carried it to Sir Thomas L'Estrange of Hunstanton, who preferred to remain at that home of his ancestors, and so East Barsham began to be neglected. Still more was that the case after the death of Sir Henry L'Estrange without progeny in 1760. Barsham went to a nephew, Sir Edward Astley of Melton Constable, whose descendant, the twenty-first Lord Hastings, sold it in 1914. We have seen that a century before one half was a ruin and the other half patched up as a farmhouse. Nothing was done by Mr. Edward Coleman, the new owner during the war, which broke out a few months after his purchase of the estate. But in 1919 his son, the present proprietor, called upon Mr. A. H. Belcher to make plans and give some estimate of the cost of a "restoration." As the cost, at the then price of building, of such drastic—and probably unfortunate—treatment would have been very great, it was decided to do nothing beyond the maintenance of the farmhouse portion and the preservation from further decay of the ruined portion, where the terra-cotta work showed signs of crumbling. The advice of the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings was sought, and one of its professional members went down and examined all surviving above-ground work. He established the fact that here, as so often in East Anglia, the brickwork of windows, arches, and other features had from the first been coated with plaster to resemble stone, while the terra-cotta had, apparently, been treated with a red substance. Both the plaster on the brickwork and the ruddling of the terra-cotta are evident in the illustrations of the stringcourses (Figs. 12 and 13), where Gothic cusping, Renaissance heads, Tudor roses and Stapleton lions in terra-cotta stand out from the plaster background. Under the supervision of Mr. John Page of neighbouring Blakeney, alterations and renewals have been effected to make the farmhouse portion a more complete and serviceable residence for present occupation, and whether the extremely difficult and none too desirable job of conjecturally rebuilding the hall and its adjacent parlours and chambers will ever be undertaken seems to be a matter of doubt. Certainly, as far as a retention of original Early Tudor work is involved, it is safer to do no more than preserve what is left from further deterioration.

H. AVRAY TIPPING. deterioration.

ECLIPSE AND EPINARD

SOME COMPARISONS BETWEEN THE FRENCH HORSE AND THE GREATEST BRITISH THOROUGHBRED.

HIS article has been suggested by a correspondent, who has been very much struck by a likeness between the pictures of Epinard and the old pictures and prints of the most celebrated horse in the whole history of the British thoroughbred—Eclipse. I am not in any sense endorsing my correspondent's discovery, because I cannot appreciate for a moment in what way a convincing likeness can be arrived at, nor how one should be possible except, say, in colouring and certain markings. However, it is well worth going into the subject, if only because of the fame of the two horses, and with this article the reader will find a very fair illustration of Epinard and one of Eclipse. The latter, I take it, is from a photograph of a picture, probably painted by Stubbs, though not the Stubbs picture which, at any rate a score of years ago, was in the posession of the late Sir Walter Gilbey. The present Sir Walter Gilbey may have it now, but I have no positive information on the

Does the reader see any likeness between the two in the illustrations? Eclipse was a chestnut with a white off hind stocking, extending to within 3ins. or 4ins. of the hock. He had a white blaze, though hardly as pronounced as that which distinguishes the head of Epinard. The latter also has a white hind fetlock but on the near leg. The marking, it will be seen, extends just above the fetlock and is a sock rather than a stocking. The markings, therefore, are not absolutely identical and, of course, you will find many horses marked practically alike. Think of the many whole-coloured horses, or of those which may have no more than a white fetlock or two. Where, then, does our correspondent get his notions of similarity? I cannot agree that it is possible to judge from the paintings and prints of more than a century ago. If so, then the great horses of the period were rather grotesque, judged by what our eyes and minds are accustomed to in the twentieth century. Artists had not photography to help them then, and the horse painters of to-day, such as Lionel Edwards, Giles, Haigh, Lynwood Palmer and Munnings put on their canvases true portraits, comparing strangely in outline and general character with the old pictures. It may be that they place some reliance on photography in the first instance, but horses, as painted by the

ancient and the modern school, do suggest tremendous contrasts. A very reasonable explanation may be that the horses themselves have greatly altered by the natural process of evolution, for, after all, the thoroughbred has not a history centuries old as with the true horse of Arabia. In fact, the Arab lies at the root of our thoroughbred. If, therefore, I am right in my assumption, then it is surely impossible to draw comparisons in the matter of make, shape and colouring between the great horse of the latter part of the eighteenth century and the horse which we will admit was the best three year old in the world in 1923. We know that the thoroughbred of to-day is bigger and he must be ever so much fleeter. Whether he has the same robust constitution and the same soundness is a matter which I will not attempt to answer here. So many are convinced he has not, but then, though the horses of old ran over long courses and apparently with much frequency, the strain of training cannot have been what it is to-day, while competition, which explains so many things, is many times

is a matter which I will not attempt to answer here. So many are convinced he has not, but then, though the horses of old ran over long courses and apparently with much frequency, the strain of training cannot have been what it is to-day, while competition, which explains so many things, is many times more accentuated now than then.

Epinard, by Badajoz, by Gost, is from the mare Epine Blanche, by Rock Sand, and if the pedigree be traced sufficiently far back the name of Eclipse will most certainly be arrived at. Yet, because of a flaw in the line down, this most remarkable racehorse is not eligible for the General Stud Book. I do not think I have seen this fact mentioned before. It is odd that three horses of which we heard so much last autumn—Epinard, Zev and Verdict—are all so affected in their pedigrees as to be ineligible for the Book. It is true that they deserve ennoblement because of their deeds, but the compilers of the General Stud Book must only abide by well established hard facts rather than by sentiment and passing glamour. So we will not argue with them. The flaw in Epinard's pedigree, I find, is on the dam's side. Epine Blanche was out of a mare named White Thorn (U.S.A.). She was by Nasturtium, by Watercress, from Margerique, who was by Order (by Bend Or), from Margerine, by Algerine.

Algerine is the wrong one. He was by Abd-el-Kader, and his dam, Rescue, does not trace back to imported stock after the second generation. I would like to pursue the subject

of the remarkable pedigrees of these three of the remarkable pedigrees of these three horses, all of which are technically half-bred. Yet they were very fine racehorses, and their sires were not standing at 400-guinea fees! The picture now published of Epinard is quite a good one and much better than some, but I have yet to see a picture of the Stewards' Cup winner that does him full and fair credit. Perhaps it is that he is not absolutely perfect in a show-ring sense, but yet he is undoubtedly a noble horse with nothing mean about him. His front is wonderful. Behind the him. His front is wonderful. Behind the saddle he is just ordinary, and, perhaps, less than that, for there is a certain slackness about the loins suggesting a length of back somewhat out of proportion. He has, nevertheless, wonderful length from hip to round bone, fine muscular develop-

hip to round bone, fine muscular development thereabouts, strong hocks, and a most correctly shaped hind leg.

One forefoot—I am writing from my memories of him at Goodwood and Newmarket—may be slightly turned out, but they are fine spreading feet, with none of that contraction you find in so many horses to-day. His trainer must have paid particular attention to his feet from his vearling days. The cannon bones are short

horses to-day. His trainer must have paid particular attention to his feet from his yearling days. The cannon bones are short, the knees large and flat, and the forearm normally developed. You could not wish to look on better shoulders, while the slightly cresty neck denotes strength, character and resolution. His head and neck are the most beautiful thing about the horse, for a really grand head passes into that fine masculine neck. The eye is big and full, sensible and immensely intelligent, while, also, the expression is kind, and I never failed to be struck with the Arab-like depth and width of the jowl. I have yet to see a faithful picture of Epinard's beautiful head suggesting the strength and character of the modern thoroughbred and still vividly reminding us of the Eastern horse from which our great horses of to-day came in the first instance many generations ago.

The worst part about him is that flaw in his pedigree to which I have referred, for it follows that his stud career cannot in any useful sense assist future generations of the thoroughbred, either here or in France. With his splendid action and performances we are all familiar. All things being equal, I think he would give at least 28lb. to the best horse they could produce against him in America, and I mention that because I see he is matched to take on Zev, or some other representative of America, next July presumably at Belmont Park

against him in America, and I mention that because I see he is matched to take on Zev, or some other representative of America, next July, presumably at Belmont Park.

Look now on the picture of Eclipse. I imagine the artist must be Stubbs, because the horse is very much like the horse as painted in that picture which I presume is in the ownership of Sir Walter Gilbey. It also reminds me very much of the painting, also by Stubbs, of Gimcrack. Now, according to the artist, Eclipse was given a rather peevish expression, though great vitality and courage are shown in the rather blazing eye. The top of the loins is pronouncedly high by comparison with the withers, but, as with Epinard, you see the marked width from hip to round bone and the correctly dropped hind quarters,



ECLIPSE, 1764-1789.

the hocks being well under him. Is he, too, rather long in the back, judged by present standards, or is it merely fancy? Yet it is a robust-looking middle piece.

it is a robust-looking middle piece.

Eclipse was foaled on April 1st, 1764, the day on which a remarkable eclipse of the sun occurred. He was bred by the Duke of Cumberland, after whose decease he was purchased by a Mr. Wildman and subsequently sold to Mr. D. O'Kelly, with whom he will ever be identified. His dam, Spiletta, was by Regulus, son of the Godolphin Barb, from Mother Western, by a son of Snake, from a mare by Old Montague, out of a mare by Hautboy, from a daughter by Brimmer and a mare whose pedigree was unknown. It has been pointed out that in Eclipse's pedigree there are upwards of a dozen mares whose pedigrees are not known but which are supposed to be of native blood.

Here is a trustworthy and short description of the horse:

Here is a trustworthy and short description of the horse: Eclipse was a chestnut horse with a white blaze down his "Eclipse was a chestnut horse with a white blaze down his face; his off hind leg was white from the hock downwards, and he had black spots upon his rump—this peculiarity coming down to the present day in direct male descent. His racing career commenced at five years of age, viz., on May 3rd, 1769, at Fpsom, and terminated on October 4th, 1770, at Newmarket. He ran, or walked-over, for eighteen races, and was never beaten. It was in his first race that Mr. O'Kelly took the odds to a large amount before the start for the second heat that he would place the horses. When called upon to declare he uttered the exclamation, which the event justified, 'Eclipse first and the rest nowhere!'"

nowhere!'"

The great racehorse, and even greater sire, died on February 27th, 1789, from violent colic, having lived twenty-six years. It is said that his heart weighed 14lb. In Sir Theodore Cook's "History of the British Thoroughbred" occurs a detailed description of the horse by a Mr. Percival, a veterinary surgeon, and I quote from it now for the benefit of my correspondent. "He was a big horse," wrote this authority, "in every sense of the word 12ll in stature lengthy.

horse," wrote this authority, "in every sense of the word, tall in stature, lengthy and capacious in body, and large in his limbs. For a big horse his head was small and partook of the Arabian character; his neck was unusually long; his shoulder was strong, and sufficiently oblique although not deficient in depth. His chest was circular; he sufficiently oblique although not deficient in depth. His chest was circular; he rose very little on his withers, being higher behind than before; his back was lengthy and over the loins roached; his quarters were straight, square and extended; his limbs were lengthy and broad, and his joints large, in particular his arms and thighs were long and muscular and his knees and hocks broad and well forward."

There was no need to use whin or

There was no need to use whip or spur to ensure that he might never be spur to ensure that he might never be beaten, and we may, of course, take it that he had more speed and stamina than any horse of his time. He was a great-great-grandson in direct male descent of the Darley Arabian, but was full of strains of Eastern blood, including the Byerley Turk and Godolphin Arabian. I find it very interesting to note that he first stood as a sire at Clay Hill, near Epsom, at 50 guineas. In 1788 he was removed to Cannons in a two-horse van, and died a year afterwards. He sired three Derby winners in Young Eclipse (1781), Saltram (1783)



W. A. Rouch.

EPINARD, 1923

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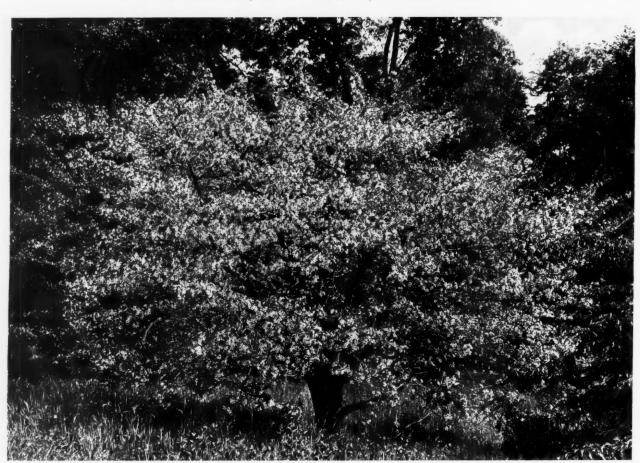
and Sergeant (1784). His winner of the Oaks in 1787 was Annette. His blood has been handed down chiefly through his sons Pot80s, King Fergus, Joe Andrews, Mercury and Alexander; and modern thoroughbreds can be traced to him through Whiskey, Waxy, Gohanna, Tramp, Orville, Whalebone, Whisker, Blacklock, Touchstone, Harkaway, Newminster, Stockwell and Weatherbit. Of course, this may be an oft-told story, but it is a story which, to lovers of the thoroughbred, can never die, while it is, I think, interesting because of the point raised by a correspondent. Relics of the horse are in existence to-day. His skeleton is, or was, with the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, and it

is said that part of his mane and tail are woven into the lash and wristband of the Challenge Whip which belongs to the Jockey Club. The gold-mounted hoof was presented by William IV to the members of the Jockey Club, and in the Jockey Club Rooms at Newmarket there is a picture of the horse, which was presented by Lord Rivers. His greatness can never die. It is, indeed, immortal, for he was the greatest of thoroughbreds of all time, and in that sense, splendid horse that Epinard may be there is no true parallel between the two event pressibly may be, there is no true parallel between the two, except possibly on the score of looks, and the evidence on that point leaves us unconvinced.

PHILIPPOS.

AMERICAN CRAB APPLES

By E. H. Wilson, Arnold Arboretum, Harvard University.



O BLOSSOM AND THE MOST FRAGRANT OF THEM ALL-MALUS ANGUSTIFOLIA. THE LAST OF THE CRAB APPLES TO

MONG the lesser trees of North America well suited to adorn the gardens, parks and margins of woodlands are the several species and varieties of crab apples. If the records are correct it was in 1724 that the first of these crab apples (Malus coronaria) was introduced into England, yet two centuries have been insufficient for this tree into England, yet two centuries have been insufficient for this tree to attain in our gardens the position to which its merits entitled it. Another species (M. angustifolia) is considered to have reached the shores of Britain in 1750. It was certainly known to Loudon, but seems afterwards to have disappeared from cultivation in England until its reintroduction a few years ago. The western M. fusca, introduced in 1836, has an equally chequered history in English gardens. The lack of appreciation which American crab apples have met with in Great Britain is, however, not greater than that of their homeland. Indeed, as a group they are still imperfectly known to botanists, wood-lovers and gardeners, and only two or three of them can be found listed in the catalogues of nurserymen. The introduction, about 1888, of the gardeners, and only two or three of them can be found listed in the catalogues of nurserymen. The introduction, about 1888, of the remarkable Bechtel crab apple (M. ioensis var. plena), with double, rose-like, pale pink blossoms, each 2½ins. across, was an event in the history of horticulture and has also served to attract attention once more to American crab apples. Bechtel's crab is named from Mr. E. A. Bechtel, who brought it into commerce, and is a natural variety which has been known to settlers round Staunton, Illinois, since about 1850. The flowers, which have the delicate odour of violets, are produced in the utmost profusion and when in blossom the charm of this lovely tree is irresistible. At its best this crab apple is a tree 25ft. tall with wide-spreading branches forming a firm crown. In gardens it has the reputation of being short-lived, but this is not strictly

true, for it is the grafting on common apple stock that is to blame, not the tree itself. None of the American crab apples is happy on this alien plant. The species should be raised from seeds and the double-flowered forms and other special kinds grafted or budded on stocks of the American species, the best for the purpose being M. ioensis. If this be done no more will be heard about the

being M. ioensis. If this be done no more will be neard about the trees being short-lived.

In America species and varieties of crab apples grow wild from the Atlantic seaboard westward to the valley of the Mississippi River and south to Eastern Texas. None is native of the arid regions of the west, and only one species (M. fusca) is indigenous west of the Rocky Mountains. In all, nine species of these trees are now recognised, with several varieties and two hybrids. All the known species, the two hybrids and most of the varieties, are cultivated in the Arnold Arboretum where they promise to be quite hardy. Some of them have been growing

the varieties, are cultivated in the Arnold Arboretum where they promise to be quite hardy. Some of them have been growing there for forty years and are trees of goodly size. The more recently recognised forms are small plants, and it is too soon to attempt to appraise their garden value.

The American crab apples, in habit of growth, in the fragrance of their flowers and in the character of their fruits, are quite different from the crab apples of Asia and Europe. They form a unique section, but the species themselves are not easily defined and there is a strong family resemblance among all of them except the western M. fusca. All are large arborescent shrubs or small trees with a short trunk and an open, rounded crown of wide-spreading branches and spiny branchlets. They have a marked tendency to spread and form pure thickets. On this account they are excellent for planting in the borders of woods and in woodland glades. As specimen trees they are suited

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to the park or wild garden, but those with double-flowers are best associated with the house or the lawn or the walled garden, while on account of their delightful fragrance they are worthy of a place beneath my lady's window. They all have pale to rose pink flowers with the delightful odour of violets, which do not open until the leaves are partly or nearly full grown. The fruit, except that of M. fusca, is depressed globose, usually broader than high, from Iin. to 2½ins. in diameter, hanging on long slender stalks and green or pale yellow in colour, very fragrant and covered with a sticky, waxy secretion. The flowers commence to open late in May or early in June, after those of the Asiatic species are past, and so serve to lengthen the season of crab apple bloom. A good loamy soil is what they require and if it be impregnated with lime so much the better. The cultivation of these hardy trees offers no difficulties and for their late-flowering qualities, their fragrant flowers and peculiar fruits, the American crab apples are worthy of wide recognition in the woodlands, parks and gardens of the British Isles.

A beautiful tree, sometimes 30ft. high, with a wide-spreading open crown and a short trunk and pink flowers, each from Iin. to 2ins. across, produced in clusters of from four to six, is M. coronaria, sometimes called the garland tree. It is characterised by its leaves, which are smooth at maturity and green on both surfaces, rounded

duced in clusters of from four to six, is M. coronaria, sometimes called the garland tree. It is characterised by its leaves, which are smooth at maturity and green on both surfaces, rounded at the apex and narrowed at the base with rather rounded teeth and usually only slightly or not at all lobed. This is the common eastern species although it does not approach the coast north of Pennsylvania and Delaware and is found as far west as Missouri. A form with long pointed leaves (var. elongata) sometimes forms dense impenetrable thickets on the southern Appalachian Mountains. About twenty years ago a double-flowered form was found growing in the woods near Waukegan, Illinois, by Mrs. Charlotte M. de Wolf. This has been named var. Charlotte. The flowers are rose colour in the bud and when expanded are about zins. to 2½ins. across, white, suffused with delicate pink. Each flower has about sixteen petals and some forty stamens with brown anthers. Its discoverer is, unfortunately, now dead, but her memory will ever be kept green by this lovely floriferous tree.

Mention has been made of the Bechtel crab,

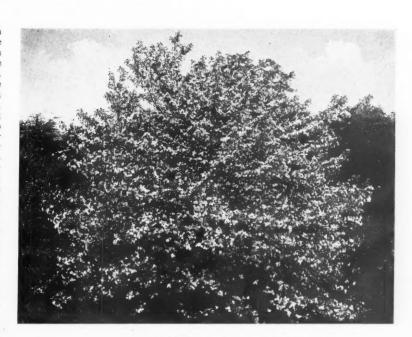
floriferous tree.

Mention has been made of the Bechtel crab,

memory will ever be kept green by this lovely floriferous tree.

Mention has been made of the Bechtel crab, but it is necessary to say something about its parent, M. ioensis, the Iowa crab apple, which is common through the northern middle States to Texas. This is a very variable species of which many varieties have received names, but though they often look very distinct, they are all connected by intermediate forms. The Iowa crab apple is a tree up to 35ft. in height, with a trunk 5ft. in girth and wide, open head of spreading branches and, usually, incised leaves clothed with woolly hairs on the lower surface. The flowers are pale pink to rose colour, each about zins. across, and are borne in clusters of about six. The shoots are very downy and the lesser branchlets often spiny. From M. coronaria, with which it is often confused, the Iowa crab apple is distinguished by its persistent hairy leaves, which are also much more cut and lobed.

What is believed to be a natural hybrid between the Iowa crab apple and some form of the orchard apple has been named M. Soulardii. As it grows in the Arnold Arboretum this tree is nearly as broad as it is high, with spreading, slightly drooping branches, which bear a profusion of large pink blossoms that last for about ten days. Curiously enough, it flowers fully two weeks before either of its supposed parents. Several varieties of Soulard's crab apple are recognised by American pomologists. One of these, known as the "Fluke Apple," is quite ornamental and flowers and fruits abundantly each year with us. It is well worth the attention of English orchardists, as is M. Soulardii itself and the new M. platycarpa. This last-named species is remarkable in having the largest fruit of any known crab apple. It is native of the South-eastern States, where the fruit is used for preserve. of any known crab apple. It is native of the South-eastern States, where the fruit is used for South-eastern States, where the fruit is used for preserves. The flowers are about 1½ins. across and the fruit, which is green and much broader than long, is often 2½ins. in diameter with a deep cavity at base and apex. This is a small tree, rarely 20ft. high, with a spreading crown of twiggy branches, and is worth growing for its decidedly handsome and also useful fruit.



THE BECHTEL CRAB APPLE.



AMERICAN CRAB APPLES AS A WOODLAND BORDER



MALUS PLATYCARPA HAS THE LARGEST FRUIT OF ANY CRAB APPLE Photographs by permission of the Arnold Arboretum.

The first of the American crab The first of the American crab apples to open its blossoms is M. glaucescens, so named from the pale grey colour of the under surface of the leaves. This is a shrub rather than a tree, and seldom exceeds 15ft. in height. The flowers are pale to rose pink, each about 1½ins. in diameter, and the fruit is pale yellow. Though only recently recognised as a distinct species, this is a common wild plant species, this is a common wild plant in western New York State, Southern

Ontario and elsewhere.

The western crab apple, M. fusca, more generally known as M. rivularis, grows wild on the Pacific slope from Alaska to Southern California. It has short, oblong, yellow-green flushed with red, or red and yellow fruit, about with red, or red and yellow fruit, about $\frac{1}{2}$ in. to $\frac{3}{4}$ in. long, with a deciduous calyx and is entirely without the waxy secretion peculiar to all other American species. In fact, its relationship is with certain species of Eastern Asia and not with those of America. The flowers of M. fusca are small, white or white tinted with rose colour and or white tinted with rose colour and are produced in clusters of from six to twelve. The tree is sometimes 40ft. tall with a spreading crown and a trunk 6ft. and more in girth; often, however, it is merely a bush cr arborescent shrub. A hardy and vigorous grower, this crab apple was introduced into England in 1836, but has remained rare in cultivation.

has remained rare in cultivation.

A hybrid of M. fusca and the common apple tree appeared in the Arnold Arboretum many years ago from seed cultivated in Oregon and has been named M. Dawsoniana. The tree has grown to more than double the size of its western parent, to which it shows its relationship in the oblong fruit, of the shape and colour of that of M. fusca, but of about twice the size. The leaves are less hairy than those of the common apple and the flowers are rather larger. The hybrid blooms at about the same time as M. ioensis and a few days earlier than M. fusca. The crab apple season of flowers closes with



A SPRAY OF THE BECHTEL CRAB APPLE. The rose-like blossoms are 2½ins. across.

the blossoms of M. angustifolia, southern species which does not grow wild north of South-eastern Virginia and Southern Illinois, and is found south as far as Northern Florida and Western Louisiana. It riorida and Western Louisiana. It is a tree 35ft. tall with a short trunk from 3ft. to 4ft. in girth and a loose, open crown of wide-spreading branches, pure pink, exceedingly fragrant, flowers each about 1½ins. across and depressed globes fruit fragrant, flowers each about 1½ins, across and depressed globose fruit. From other species it differs in the only slightly lobed or sharply-toothed leaves on the vigorous shoots and in the rounded apex of the leaves on the flower-bearing branchlets. Although it is native of the warmer States this tree is branchlets. Although it is native of the warmer States, this tree is perfectly hardy in the Arnold Arboretum. There is much character in its crown of rigid spreading branches and when in flower the air is perfumed with the delightful violet odour of its countless blossoms. This species is said to have been introduced into England as early as 1750; it is figured in 1828 in the "Botanical Register" from a tree that flowered in the Horticul-tural Society's garden at Chiswick. It never appears to have established itself in English gardens and seems to have become lost until recently reintroduced. There is no more beautiful crab apple than this species

and its absence from English gardens in general is to be

deplored. deplored.

Three other species, M. glabrata of the high mountain valleys of North Carolina, M. lancifolia, widely distributed from Pennsylvania to Missouri, and M. bracteata, a common species from Missouri to Florida, are now growing in the Arnold Arborctum, but the plants are young and have not yet flowered. As they grow in a wild state these are decidedly handsome crab apples, worthy, with their kinsmen, of a prominent place in the gardens of England.

SPUR-PRUNING OF APPLES & PEARS

BY E. A. BUNYARD.

HERE are few moments in life which hold more of depression than when one takes up a pen to write a few notes on pruning. As we look at our bookshelves, curving to the weight of many volumes, all of which set forth the whole art and manner of pruning, the vanity of human endeavour presents itself with redoubled force. Here is a large octavo of a thousand and one pages, the fruit of a life of laborious study, neighboured by a small and provided to the characteristic of the characterist sprightly treatise in whose fifty pages the toil of the thousand and one is utterly set at nought. And the sum of all these efforts is merely to set a spur or to lead a branch in the direction of our desires! It is, therefore, evident that, be our treatment sprightly or laborious specified in proposary for the purpose of

of our desires! It is, therefore, evident that, be our treatment sprightly or laborious, selection is necessary for the purpose of this article, and as adult trees outnumber the adolescent, we choose the treatment of the spur as both opportune and desirable. There are few garden operations which need more emphasis than this. To so many pruners pruning means cutting back the long side shoots of last season's growth, and the spur, once formed, is given a grateful glance and passed over. It is, of course, true that the spur is the aim of all our operations, but, like all good things, a surfeit is, perhaps, worse than a lack, and a large number of fully grown trees suffer far more from a plethora of spurs than any other cause.

To obtain a just idea it is necessary to go back to the

is necessary to go back to the beginning of spur history, which lies, of course, in the bud, and we take for the purpose of our illustration a pear tree as showing most clearly the development we

clearly the development we are considering.

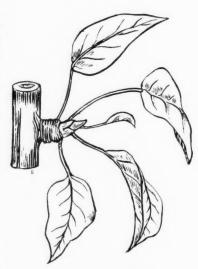
The bud—what will it become?—is our first problem, and, as is probably well known, all buds can under appropriate conditions develop into fruit-buds. The bud is best regarded as a telescoped shoot which may be pulled out for a greater or

lesser distance. If the telescope is fully extended, a shoot is formed; if only

slightly, then a fruit-bud results.

The art of pruning lies in our ability to control such extension, but for our present occasion we assume the bud is developing into a spur, and the accompanying figure shows the processes by which it reaches the full-grown and overgrown spur, which needs a wise curtailment.

In the first year we see the bud as produced on a one rear old shoot, and in



year old shoot, and in the second the first step in the making of a spur. It will be noticed that this bud is surrounded by five leaves close together, and this is called the rosette. These leaves are close together because the telescope has not been pulled out; if a shoot had resulted these leaves would have been an inch or so apart. The essential point is, however, the stopping of the growth at half an inch or so. The terminal bud is plump, and often leads one to hope that it is a fruit-bud, but usually two years are necessary to produce this, and "third year" shows its appearance just before opening in the spring. It will be noticed that the spur is much ribbed. This is caused by the scars made by the previous leaves and bud scales. In an extended shoot they would be much farther apart and not, therefore, so noticeable, showing very well the difference between the "telescoped" shoot and the extended one.



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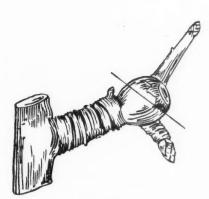
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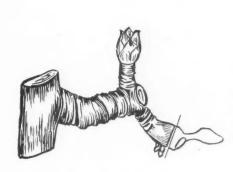
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THIRD YEAR.



FOURTH YEAR.



SIXTH YEAR

In the third year it may be expected that fruit will be borne, and this results in a new structure forming at the end of the shoot, as shown in the fourth year. This is called by French authors the "bourse." This was recognised by some older English writers and called the "knot," but we prefer to retain the French name as being more distinctive. The bourse is, as can be seen in the illustration, of a different character from the rest of the spur; it is smooth and of a rather soft texture. It is actually the base of the flower-stems, and the scar shown in the fourth year is the actual wound made by gathering the fruit. The bourse is usually much more conspicuous in the pear than in the apple, and in the former is often at first almost an inch long. The flowers radiate from this central axis from the bottom to the top. It makes, therefore, a considerable difference if a flower sets at the top, in which case the whole structure is maintained, or, in the case of a basal flower setting, the upper part of it is thrown off. The so-called spur caps may be found in abundance under a pear tree in June when a good crop is set.

The arrival of a bourse is a good omen to the fruit-grower, as it means that a strong growth from the spur is not now likely. It

the arrival of a bourse is a good officing to the fruit-grower, as it means that a strong growth from the spur is not now likely. It is often said that once a good crop of fruit is set the growth of the tree will be checked, and it is the formation of the bourse which

and it is the formation of the bourse which is the principal agent.

It will be seen that there are two short shoots, in French called "dards," coming from the bourse, and one small bud on the older part. All of these will in time turn into fruit-buds. In the illustration it is suggested that the bourse be pruned as shown by the dark line, leaving two buds only. In the following year it is assumed that this spur will produce only one fruit-bud, the upper being in the stage as in the second year. In the sixth year, however, the ramification increases, and in a few years we shall have a mass of fruit-buds, as in the illustration. We have now come to a stage in which severe spur pruning is necessary for many reasons. Firstly, it is physically impossible for each bud, even if it set only one fruit out of its five flowers, to carry the fruits and in the limited space it occupies. Let us imagine each fruit the size of a tennis ball and this becomes obvious. An equally important reason is the fact that the tree cannot support and nourish so many buds and their resulting fruits. To realise this it is necessary to reflect upon the physiology

fruits. To realise this it is necessary to reflect upon the physiology of the tree, a subject well known, perhaps, to many, but its implications are not always fully realised.

The food from which wood, fruit and blossom is made is produced by the leaves, their raw material being the sap and its dissolved salts derived from the roots. Under the action of light this raw material is turned into sugars and starches, and

dissolved salts derived from the roots. Under the action of light this raw material is turned into sugars and starches, and is distributed into shoot, root and fruit. At the end of autumn, when the leaf has fallen, this material is stored up in the tree in its different parts. Part of it has been absorbed by the fruitbud, but this process is not complete at leaf fall. We are used to refer to trees in winter as dormant; but, though dormant, they are not idle. A movement of foodstuff is still taking place, and fruit-buds continue their development in mild weather.

The food reserve in the tree is, therefore, like money placed in a bank, and, as we know only too well, we cannot withdraw from a bank more than we deposit. If fifty buds are drawing on the balance, it is obvious that their share will be less than if only ten buds were concerned, and this difference may be the critical amount which leads a bud from the barren into the fruiting stage. There is, therefore, a strong reason for reducing buds in the early autumn, so that the survivors may have every chance, and thus, paradoxically enough, a reduction of fruit-buds may lead to an increase of fruit. It requires some courage to prune away half the fruit-buds on a tree, but in the case of a tree bearing old and well ramified spurs it is most necessary. How frequently we hear of trees which flower well but produce little fruit, old espaliers and wall trees being notorious offenders. Here we touch another side of the bank reserves. In spring-

time the development of buds to flowers and shoots is remarkably rapid, and an enormous demand is made upon the food reserves in the tree. It often, therefore, happens that the bank suspends payment and the great promise of flower is thrown into bankruptcy. It is advised by some writers that this may be mitigated by thinning the flowers, and this method is, of course, some help. But how much better to thin the fruit-buds before they have drawn upon the reserves to build up the flowers. The last figure shows how spur-pruning should be carried out, and is, of course, but a suggestion. Firstly, we must consider how far apart the spurs are. In some short-jointed varieties they will be found very close together, and it is obvious that these require more severe treatment than a longer-jointed variety. As shown in the illustration, two good fruit-buds are left, with four smaller buds to follow on next season. This will be quite enough for the average case. time the development of buds to flowers and shoots is remarkably

to follow on next season. This will be quite enough for the average case.

Owing to the brittle nature of the spurs it is safer to use sécateurs than a knife, but the latter, making a cleaner wound, is preferable if sufficient skill is present to manipulate it and, most important, to keep it thoroughly sharp.

Such, then, are the objects of spurpruning, and how necessary it is in many gardens is shown by a visit to the fruitroom, where piles of half-grown fruit cumber the ground. Let us go forward, therefore, with a stout heart and the assurance that the man who makes one there were two before is not undeserving



AN OLD SPUR SHOWING METHOD OF PRUNING.

apple grow where there were two before is not undeserving of his country's gratitude. country's gratitude.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES

THE SHIRE HORSE EXHIBITION.

THE SHIRE HORSE EXHIBITION.

HE first great Livestock show of 1924—that of the Shire Horse Society—will begin on Tuesday, February 26th, and close on Friday, February 26th, the last day of entry being January 14th, 1924. A leading feature of the Show will be the encouragement given to the use of good heavy mares and geldings of Shire type engaged in commercial work in the town and the city. Five classes have been provided for horses to be shown with vehicle. Two additional classes are provided for horses, to be shown without vehicle or harness, that have been working two or more years, and there will be a class for teams of heavy horses of Shire type. During the afternoons of Wednesday, Thursday and Friday a demonstration will be given in weight pulling to test the amount of weight that the Shire horse is capable of moving on the soft tan, with a comparative test held in Barford Street on the hard road. In this manner the Shire Horse Society is arranging to show the utility qualities of the breed.

A GOOD DAIRY HERD OF AYRSHIRES.

We have received the milk records for 1923 of a dairy herd of Ayrshires, that is to say, the Chapmanton Herd belonging to Mr. Walter C. Crawford. The records show what an extraordinary advance has been made in the quantity of milk produced. Twenty years ago an average of 6,500lb. was considered a high one, but the average of this herd is 9,570lb., with an average butter fat of 3.89 per cent. in $40\frac{7}{2}$ weeks. It is a large herd, consisting of seventy-nine animals, of which twelve are heifers. Mr. Crawford attributes this high yield to the use of sires out of high-yielding milk record cows. This was done from the start of his milk recording. He says that a properly balanced ration combined with care and attention to the stock have contributed to the result. With the exception of ten of the cows they got nothing to eat but grass all the summer. The cows are only milked twice daily, the majority by machine, the rest by hand. The highest yield was 56,634lb., and the highest heifer yield 11,140lb. The details of the records are very much to the credit of the management.

THE ESSEX PIG.

In a review of the sales of the year the Essex Farmers' Journal shows that the Essex pig has been more than holding its own during the last twelve months. At the sale of Mr. A. J. Cousin's Cressing Herd held in June there were buyers from no fewer than seven different counties,

and seventy head realised an average of over 22 guineas, outstanding pigs making up to 70 guineas. At the London Dairy Show this year the sides of Essex pigs which had been entered in the bacon classes made at auction $2\frac{1}{2}d$. per pound over all other breeds. The economical claim put forward for the pig is its dual purpose, excellent for pork at early maturity and its value for bacon production.

INCOME TAX AND THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW.

INCOME TAX AND THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW.

We are glad to know that the Royal Agricultural Society is making a determined stand against the Inland Revenue, who threaten to charge Income Tax on the surplus made by the annual Agricultural Show. It is difficult to see any grounds on which the claim can rest formally. The Royal Agricultural Show is held for no one's monetary profit. Officials of the Society draw nothing from it. If there is any surplus to spare, it is devoted to furthering research and general education. It is not only the case of the "Royal" that has to be considered, for evidently the Income Tax people have got their eye on the vast number of agricultural shows that are held up and down the country during the course of a year, and if they can tax the surplus made by one they could probably tax the surplus made by any or all of the others. This would act as a very great discouragement to what is one of the most educative institutions in the agricultural world. It is showing that has led to the improvement of our various breeds of livestock and to the invention of many mechanical implements that have simplified, improved and cheapened the practice of husbandry. That this good work should be taxed is a proposition that deserves the most stubborn resistance.

It is a good thing that the first attack has been made upon the strongest of the many institutions affected. The "Royal" has, as a corporation, always taken a moderate and yet a firm view of such questions. It is understood that on this occasion the opinion of members is unanimous, and if that be the case, the fight may be prolonged but cannot be lost.

LIVESTOCK IN 1923.

Farmers, not in England alone but in every part of the world, have said farewell to 1923 without regret. It meant to them twelve months of bad crops and falling prices. Perhaps, 1924 may usher in a new eta. Even the official mind is disturbed at the spectacle of havoc in our herds of cattle. At the beginning of 1923 there was recorded a distinct recovery from the depletion of our livestock during the war. That progress has been more than wiped out by the slaughter that has gone on in an effort by that means to clear the country of foot-and-mouth disease. Nothing but slaughter was considered to be possible. In 1924 signs of wavering are manifest. Owners of pedigree stock may look forward to being allowed to try to cure their stock. The year 1023 was not favourable to stock-keeping. The cold weather in May and June injured the grazing, and the cattle fell behind, and many were marketed before they were ready. The best feature of the year was the increase in pig-keeping. Farmers have become alive to the possibility of making a profit out of their pigs, bacon factories and the other industries connected with them. There is good reason for hoping that there will be still further development in this direction during the year on which we have entered.

NATURE'S MOST FANTASTIC MIRACLE

N the northern part of the state of Arizona is a gorge or canyon of the Colorado river, familiarly known as the Grand Canyon, that makes one of the most remarkable sights in the world. The canyon lies some one thousand eight hundred miles south-west of Chicago, in the midst of arid and waterless deserts, but so excellent is the American railway service that the long journey of three nights and two days is made in comfort, if not in luxury. Few trains have a greater reputation for the completeness of their arrangements than the famous "California Limited" of the Santa Fé Railroad. Leaving Chicago in the evening, we run all part day through the illimitable wheatlands of Version Complete and the control of the santa Fé Railroad. next day through the illimitable wheatlands of Kansas. On the following morning we reach the Rockies, and traverse the vast desert plains of Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona, making at Albuquerque the only considerable stoppage in the journey, and are thus enabled to get a first glimpse of the

aboriginal Indians, mostly of the Navaho tribe, who come to the station to sell their pottery and basketware to the tourists. At eight o'clock next morning we are at the Grand Canyon, where polite and efficient Japanese porters transfer our belongings to the El Tovar Hotel.

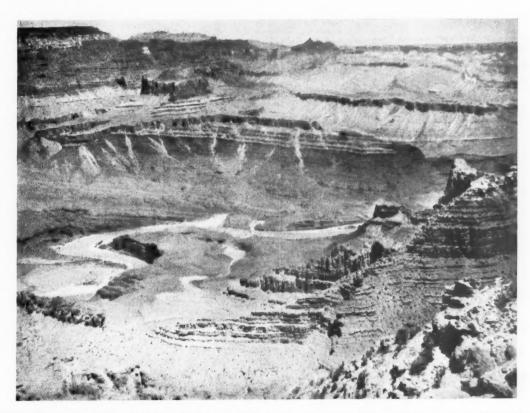
On leaving the train we at once realised the wonderfully fresh and tonic quality of the air—which is hardly surprising, seeing that we were now at an elevation of more than 7,000ft. above sea level and that the breeze came from the desert, which had extracted every particle of moisture from it. At first there was nothing remarkable to be seen. From the hotel entrance the ground sloped slightly upwards to a low wall, beyond which only sky was visible. The wonder of the miracle beyond which only sky was visible. The wonder of the miracle that awaited us was kept skilfully in reserve.

Our thoughts at the moment, however, were more intent

on a bath and breakfast, after our long journey, than on the



THE GRAND CANYON OF THE COLORADO RIVER FROM PIMA POINT.



"BEAUTIFUL IN ANY CONVENTIONAL SENSE THE CANYON CAN HARDLY BE CONSIDERED."

scenery. The one drawback from which El Tovar suffers is that there is no water there, and supplies have to be transported by rail from Rainbow Mountain, some seventy miles away. Economy is therefore necessary, and baths have to rank as luxuries.

After attending to the inner and the outer man, we strolled forth to the canyon rim. When we reached the low wall and looked over an astonishing sight met our eyes. We found ourselves gazing into a cleft in the earth whose immensity the mind failed at first to realise. Many writers have essayed the hopeless task of its description, and failed, dismayed by the impossibility of expressing in language the emotions aroused by Nature's marvellous achievement. Honoré Willshire in "The Enchanted Canyon," and Zane Grey in his tales of the American wilderness, have done all that a loving enthusiasm could to picture the moods of the canyon and the desert, and to them I would refer the reader. I can only briefly record our own

feelings as we gazed into the depths. Our first impression was that our eyes had been suddenly opened to a pink fairyland filled with little toy mountains, whose sides shaded off into deeper reds and purples, with blue hazy shadows that faded to pale blue grey as they receded. The tallest of these mountains were crowned by pinnacles of creamy tint. Across the canyon the opposite rim cut the sky in a long level line. The appearance of it all was so dreamlike and insubstantial that the mind received a shock when asked to realise that the further rim was ten to fourteen miles away, that we looked west up the gorge for seventy miles and eastwards for forty miles, and that, in the vast pit beneath us, we looked down on more than a thousand square miles of the earth's surface.

Beautiful in any conventional sense the canyon can hardly

Beautiful in any conventional sense the canyon can hardly be considered, but that does not apply to its colouring, which changes with every slant of light, from rosy pink to deepest



THE GRAND CANYON AT EL TOVAR.

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MARBLE CANYON FROM DESERT VIEW POINT.

purple. That is the secret of its fascination. In sunshine—and three hundred days of the year are, on the average, cloudless—the prevailing colour is a delicate rose, shading from the creamy tint of the upper limestone through the lighter red of the sandstone to the deeper reds and purples of the shales and granite. When cloud shadows float across the scene, when thunderstorms fill the gorge, or the fleeting snows of winter, then words indeed are powerless to convey anything of the awe and majesty of the spectacle.

Standing by the brink at El Tovar, we see below us in the left bottom corner a dark mass of rock known as The Battleship. Beyond it is the granite gorge of the river, of which we have a tiny glimpse towards the right-hand margin, a mile and a quarter beneath us and three miles away. In the centre, on the other side of the river, is a flat-topped hill to which the name Pyramid of Cheops has been given, and further still is a jumble of rocks and pinnacles, to provide names for which all the mythologies of the world have been ransacked. There are the Temples of Isis and Osiris, of Zoroaster, of Buddha, of Brahma, of Vishnu, Wotan's Throne, the Walhalla Plateau, and so on. The Pyramid looks insignificant enough, yet is over a mile high, so gigantic is the scale of the whole.

During our stay we visited Desert View Point at the eastern

During our stay we visited Desert View Point at the eastern extremity of the canyon, where the Colorado coming down from the north turns west into the Grand Canyon. In the picture we are looking north into Marble Canyon and over the Painted Desert beyond. Here we had a remarkable experience, possible only in that dry, clear air. We looked east over the Painted Desert to the hills of the Colorado border one hundred and twenty-five miles away, and then, turning west, descried beyond the canyon's utmost rim some faint, but clear blue mountain shapes, which were the Walapi mountains one hundred and seventy-five miles distant, giving an area of vision of three hundred miles from east to west.

At various points the upper limestone crust forms detached buttresses of fantastic shapes like the Hammer Rock illustrated. At one point our driver and some companions sat down on one of these rocks with their feet dangling over a mile of empty space, but our nerves were not equal to feats such as this. However, I show my companion standing on a buttress that looks quite perilous enough to the ordinary townsman.

The geological history of the canyon must extend over millions of years. Those who have studied it tell us that at some remote period there existed here a vast tableland measuring some twelve thousand to fifteen thousand square miles and of

an average height of 18,000ft. Not until over 10,000ft. of this had been worn away during countless ages by the erosion of rain, frost and other natural causes, did the Colorado river begin its task of excavating the present canyon. The last narrow gorge in which the river now flows is 1,200ft. deep and of solid granite. Think how long it must have taken to cut through those 1,200ft. of granite alone, and you will have some clue to the æons that must have gone to the making of the Grand Canyon.

J. Dudley Johnston.



HAMMER ROCK.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE FORWARD SEAT.

THE FORWARD SEAT.

To the Editor.

Sir,—Colonel McTaggart, in your issue of December 1st, is so persuasive and convincing that I hesitate to cross swords with him. But there is one point on which I crave further enlightenment. I cannot understand how the McTaggart seat gives better balance on landing over a fence. Over a deep drop-fence, for instance, surely the steeper the gradient, so to speak, of the horse's back, the further must the rider lean back in order to be vertical to the ground. True, the horse is in motion, and the rider must not be "left behind"; but if he is leaning forward when the horse lands, he must support his weight with his hands on the horse's neck (as Colonel McTaggart seems to admit) or he will be jerked forward. And if his hands are needed to keep him in the saddle, how can they be free to assist his horse? Surely the ideal seat is entirely independent of the hands for support. Has the Army given up teaching recruits to jump without reins?—Sporting Parson.

[We sent our correspondent's letter to Colonel McTaggart, who writes: "In reply to 'Sporting Parson's' letter, which I have read with much interest, perhaps I may be excused if I recommend him to read my little book, 'Hints on Horsemanship' (Heinemann), where he will find the matter more fully entered into than is possible in a short note. As his letter, however, deals with points that are often asked and which are difficult to answer without rather lengthy explanation, I will reply by asking him questions instead: When he is out beagling, and jumps a ditch on foot, does he land leaning forward or leaning back? Which would he consider the best balanced jump? During the leap on horseback, is he quite sure that the rider's body should be vertical? The essence of the forward seat is 'free head and free loins.' The reins should be maintained the same length throughout the leap, so that directly the hind feet touch the ground the rider is in a position to collect the horse, instead of having to 'wind up' the reins in the way we all so w

THE BUZZARD.

TO THE EDITOR.

To the Editor.

SIR,—I was surprised to see that a Nottinghamshire correspondent in your issue of December 1st, 1923, wrote of the buzzard as "this now rare bird." They are quite plentiful in North Devon—quite an ordinary bird. we consider, though, being so big and handsome, they always attract one's attention. If your Nottinghamshire correspondent would come to these parts he could see buzzards twice a week, I should think, instead of twice a year, and they do not appear to be dying out. Driving from here (Littleham, near Bideford) to Melbury Down (about six miles) one day in the autumn, I counted four buzzards hovering along the outskirts of the woods. Their size and their flight make them unmistakable. It would be interesting to hear from others of your readers whether the buzzard is considered rare in other parts of England.—E. A. Sanders

FROM FEMALE TO MALE.

TO THE EDITOR.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In COUNTRY LIFE of December 20th, 1923, "C. M. G." describes how a female golden pheasant assumed male plumage. The phenomenon is not so very uncommon Forty years ago I used to breed a good many different animals and birds. Once a very gorgeous golden pheasant died suddenly. One of his widows developed male plumage. She was by no means the glorious creature her husband had been; indeed, she looked a little second-hand. But she was complete, as far as her plumage was concerned, though she never produced spurs of any value. One would like to know if the change affects structure as well as colour. The whole conditions being abnormal, we must not argue from them; but many readers will have remembered that Darwin and Wallace, at one on most questions of evolution, were absolutely at variance on the subject of sexual selection, which Darwin (and, I suspect, most of the rest of us) held to be the main cause of brilliant colour, while

Wallace at last even seemed to go to the length of absolutely denying its existence. Our abnormal golden pheasants satisfy neither theory. Their coloration could have nothing to do with any sexual purpose on the one hand, nor could they be explained on the other hand by the increased virility and force of the male. The subject is full of interest.—Gerald S. Davies.

AARON AND MOSES ON THE ICE.

TO THE EDITOR.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A propos of my recent article on "Domesticated Otters," your readers may be interested to hear how Aaron and Moses enjoyed the cold spell we had a week or two ago. The first frosty morning seemed greatly to surprise them—solid water was incomprehensible. They were very cautious, only venturing on the ice by degrees, and when, at a weak spot, it cracked

so strong they they can break thin ice from beneath, bursting their way up through it and emerging among shining splinters and brown bubbling water. However cold the weather, they still dig frogs and toads out of the banks of the ponds. I watched them one day eating a frog on the ice.—Frances Pitt.

STRAY FEATHERS.

TO THE EDITOR.

To the Editor.

Sir,—A short time ago I received from a friend living in a remote part of Cumberland a tail feather, most brilliantly coloured, which he had found in his garden. It proved to be that of a budgerigar (Melopsittacus undulatus), more commonly known as love-bird or grass paroquet, birds used by organ-grinders to tell fortunes. In spite of my friend's enquiries, he could find no person keeping such birds within an eight miles radius of the garden



"so, THIS IS ICE!"



"IT'S ALL RIGHT; THERE'S WATER UNDERNEATH."

under their weight, they scuttled ashore again. under their weight, they scuttled ashore again. However, when they discovered a hole in the ice they were happier. They dived through, and swam far beneath the ice, in a manner that was alarming to watch. I was terrified lest they should be drowned, but they swam back each time to the hole, bobbing up through it like seals at a "blow hole." I found that they never forgot the place where they had crept beneath the ice and, however far they swam from it, invariably came back as soon as they wanted air. After their first nervousness was over they seemed to enjoy the ice, and it was amusing to see one running about on it while the other chased her underneath. They are

where he found it, nor had any organ-grinders where he found it, nor had any organ-grinders been in the district. The feather was quite clean, as if it had only recently been shed. A short time after this I happened to be staying, for a few days, with my friend, when, for curiosity, we counted the feathers in a long-tailed tit's nest situated about half a mile from where he found the budgerigar's feather. The nest was situated on the bank of a river, with a farm about 250yds. away on the opposite bank. The nest contained 873 feathers, consisting of domestic poultry, pheasant, heron, thrush, snipe, moorhen, yellow-hammer, hedgesparrow, mallard, and one single feather of a budgerigar!—H. W. ROBINSON.

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CLEY MILL.

TO THE EDITOR.

To the Editor.

Sir,—When Mr. Christopher Hussey observes, in the article on Cley Mill, which appeared in your Christmas Number, that the topmost room of the windmill "would make a good study for a literary man," I wonder if he has in mind the "theory of a garret" advanced by Dr. Johnson in his "Rambler," of April 30th, 1751, where he shows "the intellectual advantages of an elevated situation," to be due not merely to "the tenuity of a defecated air," but also to "the increase of that vertiginous motion with which we are carried round by the diurnal revolution of the earth in such an aerial abode." Montaigne, too, must have known this. But even a philosopher, I think, would find it hard to remain aloft, when he might grovel on so delightful a ground floor as that at Cley Mill.—J. Harrison.

THE LAMAS OF TIBET.

TO THE EDITOR.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The enclosed photograph of a highly placed "yellow lama" may interest your readers, even in these days when the critics inform us that there

us that there is no longer any mystery about Tibet. The "yellow cap" sect represent the represent the reformed church of Lamaism. Tsong Kapa was the Luther of Tibet, and he flourished in Northeastern Tibet in the thirin the thir-teenth cen-tury. Most tury. Most of the lamas of interior Tibet now belong to the reformed church, while in Eastern Tibet they belong to the belong mostly to the "red cap" sect; so much so that the principality of Muli is

A YELLOW LAMA.

distinguished w lama." as the "land of F. Kingdon Ward. the yellow of

WAPITI BLOOD.

TO THE EDITOR.

WAPITI BLOOD.

To the Editor.

SIR,—In his recent very interesting article on Hunting in France your contributor refers to the great heads of German red deer as being the outcome of the introduction of wapiti blood. I am very much inclined to think that on this point he is in error, having been probably inisled by sportsmen who had no personal experience of the wapiti cross. The male offspring of a wapiti stag mated with red deer hinds is a big-bodied animal, carrying, for his size, a most miserable head—short, smooth and light in beam and very weak in tops. Many years ago I saw some German stags that were said to have wapiti blood in them, and they exhibited all the bad qualities that characterise English-bred animals of the same description. The cross between a red deer stag and wapiti hinds, which is very seldom attempted, results in a better kind of beast, carrying a head which is at least long, wide and shapely and with fair tops. The number of points, however, is not increased, and the beam has a tendency to be light. The fine antlers carried by German stags are, I think, undoubtedly the result of good feeding combined with descent from a pure red deer ancestry, to the great excellence of which the hunting trophies of several centuries ago still testify.—E. T.

SOME CURIOUS SNAILS' EGGS. TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—It is not generally known that all snails develop from eggs. Our British snails are not

of any considerable size, so that when their tiny, seed-pearl eggs are by chance discovered in the soil, or under grass-roots or stones, nine persons out of ten will not feel any curiosity about them nor recognise what they are. The different manner in which different kinds of snails place their eggs is of great interest, because, in many instances, this gives us a clue as to how that particular group developed into its present form. The apple snails, in some districts of Argentina, are an example of this. They are large snails whose ancestors lived on land, but they have adapted themselves so thoroughly to an aquatic existence that they scarcely ever quit the water. The young snails, however, revert to the ancestral type and are hatched outside the water; so once a year the females climb up the stout stems of aquatic plants to deposit their masses of coral-pink eggs about a foot above the surface of the mud or water. The little snails crawl down into the water as soon as they break through the eggs-shells, but if by any accident some eggs fall into the water, these will not hatch. The eggs are arranged in neat rows, which are sometimes piled on the top of one another. The mother snail propels each egg singly to its destination, one after the other, by working the muscles under the skin of her big, fleshy foot. Until one realises what is taking place the spectacle is most puzzling, for the eggs appear to be gliding automatically along a little groove of her foot. It is a wonderful sight to watch these big snails emptying themselves of masses of gegs at the rate of about half a dozen a minute, guiding them skilfully at a considerable speed by undulations which form new grooves in whichever direction may be required, until as many as 400 to 500 eggs have been deposited. And the placing of them must all be accomplished by the sense of touch, because the eyes of the snail, even if they were extruded from the shell at these times, would not be of any assistance in placing the eggs; for these organs only enable the s

The method in which these dykes are supplied with water is most unusual, for they are filled, not by the rains directly, but by the wind. At certain seasons tremendous hurricanes sweep across the country, and these actually buoy up the waters of the river till they form a great wall; as the wind subsides this wall breaks, and the water rushes down in a fierce torrent, filling all the canals and ditches along its course. The photographs are by Mr. F. W. Bond.—EVELYN CHEESMAN.

AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY CHAIR.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have come into possession of an eighteenth century chair of which I send a



"TO MAKE THE EXERCISE OF READING EASY."

drawing. It is evidently a reading or writing chair, as you can sit on it facing the back, on which is fixed a wooden flap, which can be raised or lowered. I am told it is called in the trade a "cock-fighting" chair. Would any of your readers kindly let me know why it is so-called.—ENQUIRER.

[This chair appears to be a late example of a type first made in walnut about 1720 (see COUNTRY LIFE, October 20th, 1923, page 552, Fig. 4). In his Cabinet Dictionary of 1803 Sheraton writes that "they are intended to make the exercise of reading easy, and for the convenience of taking down a note or quotation from any subject. The reader places himself with his back to the front of the chair and rests his arms on the top yoke." The adjustable "wooden flap" to which you allude was intended to be used as a book-rest. It is said that the judge at cock fights generally occupied one of these chairs, but no authority for the statement appears to have been produced.—ED.]

"A WORD FOR THE YOUNG FARMER."

In our issue of December 15th we published a letter from Mr. K. H. Green under the above title, in which he mentioned the cases of two young farmers wanting work. A correspondent writes that he may be able to help them and would like to write to Mr. Green. Would Mr. Green kindly send us his address, which has been mislaid?



THE EGGS ARE DEPOSITED WELL ABOVE THE WATER-LINE.

A PICTURESQUE BATCH.

WINTER THE FRENCH RIVIERA

THE GREAT CORNICHE ROADS, MENTON, SOSPEL, PIERA CAVA, AND THE HOMEWARD WAY

"A BAD workman complains of his tools," and those who never can approach the limitations of the power of words often blame them for inability to describe the most sublime emotions and the grandest scenes upon earth. One need not, however, feel resentment against our poor verbal equipment when standing, for example, in the sunshine or spinning along in a car upon the Grande Corniche road, some fifteen hundred feet above the dazzling Mediterranean, between Nice and Menton.

Rather the thought suggested is this: "What am I doing here at the gates of paradise thus miserably equipped? I feel as a street urchin might who suddenly finds himself in a palace full of superior beings, gorgeously arrayed: an urchin in rags.

as a street urchin might who suddenly finds himself in a palace full of superior beings, gorgeously arrayed; an urchin in rags, with only a packet of "Woodbines" and a few dirty coppers, the verbal small change of this world in his pockets. I can see line upon line of pine-clad promontories, misty blue, stretching out, like fingers from the earth's body, into a bath of quick-silver; and where the sweep of this splendid scene passes beneath my feet, there are coloured rectangular objects, houses clustering closely about Villefranche Bay, which appears as a small, land-locked pool on which toy boats rest. From these limestone heights, also, I can see backwards along the corridors of time to where the wooded mountains rolled downwards far below the present sea level, towards a distant salt lake, that must have to where the wooded mountains rolled downwards far below the present sea level, towards a distant salt lake, that must have been like the Dead Sea, only larger. On its shores some sort of primeval life flourished, which was pitilessly overwhelmed when the Atlantic broke through the Straits of Gibraltar; no wonder many mythologies contain some legend of an all-devouring flood."

This geological fact of the comparatively recent formation of the Mediterranean shore in its present position, coupled with its tidelessness, gives an air of artificiality to the whole scene artifice on a plane of perfection and a far grander scale than ever can be wrought by man. We can turn to Nature for all our inspirations, modelling conduct and action upon her steadfastness, serenity and grandeur; but set your feet on the rocks from which the Grande (orniche road was cut, and look, and think. You cannot but conclude that man is the only bungler in creation; a playful bungler, perhaps. Nature displays her architecture on this shore, and offers us a nursery full of fairy toys.

And the children have played. They made first the upper or Grande Corniche road, a grandiose conception in the best French tradition of its time, the great days of Napoleon about 1806, combining the severely practical with the supremely beautiful. The chief complaint of the modern traveller is that it is rather difficult to find the way on to this road from Nice. One has to pass through the industrial suburb of Riquier; but once on the rise, through olive groves, past beautiful villa gardens, the city with all its commercialism soon sinks away into a radiant, sunlit haze. A remarkable feature about the climb from Nice is that there are no hairpin bends on the road, which, consequently, has

are no hairpin bends on the road, which, consequently, has been much favoured for hill-climbing contests since the beginning of the motor movement. Distance is made by running round the north side of the mountains flanking the coast over the summit of which of the mountains flanking the coast, over the summit of which range the road bends southward again, emerging, as it were, upon a knife edge directly above Villefranche Bay. This Napoleonic route, the original making of which extended from Nice to Geneva, follows for the most part a former Roman road, the Via Aurelia.

The climb is generally thought to be severe, but actually the grades do not exceed I in 12, and the highest point, a spot oddly named

exceed I in 12, and the highest point, a spot oddly named "Capitaine," lies a little way beyond the place at which the road comes over the brow of the mountain on to the full splendour of the coast view. Before this point is reached there are fine prospects inland there are fine prospects inland over the valley of the Paillon; and after the mountain brow is passed the curious can see, if it should interest them, the spot on which Mr. Lloyd George picnicked during the Cannes Conference early in

Farther on also the path that leads down to the shore past the village of Eze is said to have been frequented by Nietzsche, evolving from his perfervid brain thoughts which, when dressed in their wordy garments, may have been intended to stagger humanity and challenge the outposts of infinity—use-less intentions, for humanity always staggers. With all due deference to these personages, here they seem to have been deference to these personages, here they seem to have been very like that street urchin flaunting his cheap cigarettes and

coppers in a palace.

Passing la Turbie, dominated by Cæsar Augustus' great meaningless tower, from the debris of which most of the village has been built, we can descend by numerous hairpin bends past the Riviera Palace hotel, situated high above Monte Carlo, to an atmosphere, not exactly of "Woodbines," but of worldliness rampant once more. This road that descends from la Turbie to Monte pant once more. This road that descends from la Turbie to Monte Carlo is a digression, and another side route is also seen here, ascending Mont Agel to the left and leading to the famous golf links 4,000ft. above the sea. Mont Agel itself is an imposing barren summit capped by fortifications. Passing on between these side roads the main route de la Corniche descends very gradually to Roquebrunne and Menton. The views looking backwards to the west over the promontory of Monaco, past the Tête de Chien and away to the far distant Esterels, are most gorgeous in form and colour, though they do not give that sense of otherworldliness that the highest portion of this road conveys. Just before Roquebrunne the route sweeps round a gully from which one looks past that most picturesque of Riviera villages

Just before Roquebrunne the route sweeps round a gully from which one looks past that most picturesque of Riviera villages with its ancient castle to Cap Martin and beyond, over Menton, to the Italian Riviera. This gully is filled with the richest vegetation and protected by vast mountains from almost every wind; and, taking it all in all, the region around Roquebrunne holds the palm as the fairest corner of all the Côte d'Azur.

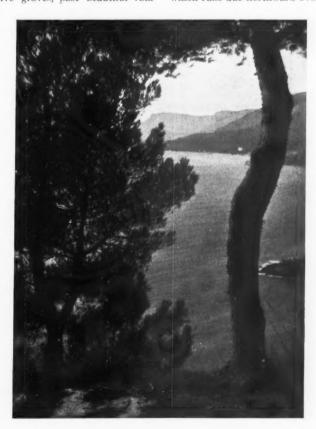
Menton is said to be the warmest corner, and meteorological records support the statement. It is different in many ways from other Riviera resorts. Although its people, by plebiscite, have declared overwhelming allegiance to France, it is thoroughly Italian in appearance and atmosphere, and has never quite shaken off its former name of Mentone. Motors are not allowed on the sea front, which, in consequence, is a parade perpetually solemn and joyless. Even the sea, whenever I have seen it there, has sea front, which, in consequence, is a parade perpetually solemn and joyless. Even the sea, whenever I have seen it there, has been most discreet, with none of the glittering, dashing foam and flying spray that whip up the life and spirits of Nice. There is that about the Riviera, apart from Menton, that urges one to fill each minute until it overflows, perhaps, with vexation of spirit—an influence to be guarded against. But Menton is a place in which to rest at last, or let oneself be drawn along gently to pleasant scenes, without haste or hesitation.

There is as yet only one road inland from Menton, that which runs due northward over the Col de la Garde (2,529ft.) to Sospel; and the round that can be made thence over the Col du Braus (3,277ft.) and back to

Braus (3,277ft.) and back to Nice is one of the finest in the Maritime Alps. This road over the Col du Braus was also built by order of Napoleon, to faciliby order of Napoleon, to facili-tate communication with Italy; and in these latter days a rail-way is in course of construction here that will afford a short cut from Nice to Turin. The geometrical arrangement of hairpin bends on the west side of this pass forms a very re-markable feature of the land-Down a lovely valley, through l'Escarène and over a minor pass into the valley of the Paillon, the road descends to

Pation, the road descends to Nice again.

The Moyenne (or middle) Corniche route, completed in 1921, is the latest addition to the roads of the Riviera. Ac-cording to the guide book it is nineteen kilometres from Nice to Monte Carlo this way, and my own speedometer makes it just own spectometer makes it just twenty. The best way of getting on to it from Nice is to follow the main road, the Corniche du Littorale, past the harbour as far as the Cctroi, where there is an inconspicu-ous turning to the left leading upwards through the pines and rocks of Mont Boron, whence there are splendid views over the city and the Baie des Anges. This older road meets the new



LOOKING DOWN ON THE MEDITERRANEAN SHORE.

route which is broad, almost level and thoroughly well engineered, at the Col de Villefranche. It runs through a tunnel and over a lofty viaduct to the wonderful village of Eze, an ancient fortress of the Moors, perched fantastically on a crag almost overhanging the sea. The old village, with its ruined fortress, is now practically uninhabited owing to there being no water up there, and a group of houses has appeared about the new road. Another tunnel—long enough to be dark and damp, and even dangerous, as it is on a curve—interposes between Eze and Monte Carlo. Motorists should exercise

on a curve—interposes between Eze and Monte Carlo. Motorists should exercise caution on this road, if only on account of the wild manner in which certain drivers proceed on the Riviera.

To describe all the excursions that can be made, both by land and sea on the Riviera, would require a large volume; but Piera Cava should be mentioned before we look northwards once more. Close to the Italian frontier and more. Close to the Italian frontier and only forty-one kilometres from Nice, it higher, it will be noted, than many famous winter sports resorts. Winter sports are practised up there, though they have never become the fashion

among visitors to the Riviera, probably because they come with their minds made up for other things. Regular automobile services run from Nice, and the Syndicat d'Initiative always has the latest information as to the state of the roads and the snow. Beyond Piera Cava a strategic road goes on some distance, but those who attempt to penetrate are regarded with suspicion and should on no account have cameras with

It is one thing to get down to the Riviera and quite another to return to London; for the outward journey, the apotheosis of a holiday, full of delightful anticipation, is not hard to endure. of a holiday, full of delightful anticipation, is not hard to endure. But there is often discomfort when the crowds surge northwards, just as the loveliest days of all are coming, when gardens burst with flowers and overflow with roses. This year, moreover, the British Empire Exhibition is likely to increase the traffic northward bound in the spring. Yet few people think of breaking their journey, and if they do, they usually think of Marseilles. That city, however, is hardly far enough on the way, and there are other places, of which Avignon is the best in every way.



THE HARBOUR AT MENTON.

Both from the historical and the scenic points of view Avignon is a name to conjure with. It is almost as mediæval as Carcassonne, and its importance in bygone days was even greater. One sees the former palace of the Popes from the railway and recollects, perhaps, that the rival Popes each wrote to the other to tell him that he (the other) was anti-Christ, and that the cynics said that in this instance both might be right. Mistral, the poet of Provence, particularly loved Avignon, and he is introduced in a scene in one of the Williamsons' earlier motoring novels. "The Motor Maid."

Youth ran in the veins of automobilism in those far-off days. "Pass that bottle of Chartreuse, please: I want to recapture some of it, with bottled sunshine and scent of flowers and pines

The Hotel de l'Europe at Avignon has a very good reputation, and there is talk of the building of another under the auspices of the P.L.M. railway. Excursions to les Baux and other choice spots in this region are well worth the sparing of a few days on the homeward way.

CECIL B. WATERLOW.

SHOOTING NOTES

BY MAX BAKER.

THE HIDDEN QUALITY IN GUNS.

NE or two readers have expressed the opinion that my last week's comments on the cost of good quality guns are unsatisfactory, in that they fail to define guns are unsatisfactory, in that they fail to define where the cares that produce efficiency end and the petty titivations that please only the eye begin. Perhaps the missing argument can best be expressed by reference to general mechanical subjects. More than half my own life has been, so to speak, wasted in cultivating manual dexterity in a bewildering number of what to the workmen rank as separate trades. As experience grew and skill developed the pursuit of better functioning efficiency was inevitably accompanied by attention to form. Harsh curves would be given their proper shape, scratches would be guarded against, and thus finish was automatically imparted while really striving for working perfection. The pure machinist may succeed in concentrating on automatically imparted while really striving for working perfection. The pure machinist may succeed in concentrating on strict results, but the handicraft worker, never—and guns are, for the most part, pure handicraft. Years ago, wishing to delve deeper into the mysteries of gunmaking, I arranged with one of the most learned mechanics in the trade that we should spend an evening weekly at the bench, examining and criticising finished specimens of guns by all the best makers and doing odd jobs on others. Among our tasks was the tuning up of a relatively finished specimens of guns by all the best makers and doing odd jobs on others. Among our tasks was the tuning up of a relatively cheap gun to high working efficiency, and, so far as its inherent defects allowed, we succeeded to my entire satisfaction. And we invariably found good working efficiency to be associated with the delicate arts of superfine finish. Take one very simple point. The gun which was re-conditioned had a top bite, with its objectionable accompaniment of an extension from the barrel face. This hampered accessibility of the cartridges and, worse still, was a permanent handicap to ejection. Best guns rely exclusively on the underneath bite or fastening, and their making of necessity compels more care in the jointing. Users of common guns swear by the top bite, but were they to enjoy more experience of exciting passages at the covert side they would cease to begrudge the price of its absence.

JOE MANTON, ITS TRADITIONAL EXEMPLAR.

The greatest of all gunmakers, having regard to the conditions in which he lived, was Joe Manton. Concerning his antecedents and early life very little has been learnt by the most industrious enquirers. Colonel Hawker was his biographer during the years of his prime, also of those sadder happenings when bankruptcy and financial embarrassment hampered his work, the result, we understand, of costly litigation on patent questions. So early as 1790, that is when twenty-four years of age, Daniel records that he applied for a patent for the rifling and loading of cannon, coupled with the use of a cup which no doubt acted the part of a wad.



A REAL JOE MANTON AND THE FLASKS.